

2 Vol. 5/42

PAINTING PERSONIFIED;

OR, THE

CARICATURE AND SENTIMENTAL

Thos! P I C T U R E S, Goate.

OF THE

PRINCIPAL ARTISTS OF THE PRESENT TIMES, Frome

FANCIFULLY EXPLAINED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

By ALEXANDER BICKNELL, Esq.

---

"It said, or seem'd to say."

POPE'S ELOISA TO ABELARD.

*Ut Pictura sic est Poësis.*

HORAT.

---

V O L. I.

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L O N D O N:

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T O

*Henry Will<sup>m</sup>. Bunbury, Esq.*

S I R,

**A**S the Inspirer of the following  
*Flights of Fancy*, to whom can they with  
so much Propriety be inscribed? If,  
therefore, you perceive in them any  
Traits of that Genius by which your  
inimitable Pencil is guided, (faint as in  
the Comparison these Traits must be)  
permit me, SIR, to request that you

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would

would take them under your Patronage ;  
as thereby you will stamp a greater  
Value on them in the Estimation of  
that Public by whom your own Works  
are held in such high Estimation.

Accept, SIR, at the same Time, as  
a Tribute due to Worth and Excellence,  
this humble Offering of

Your obedient humble Servant,

Red-Lion-Street,  
near Red-Lion-Square,  
Nov. 2, 1789.

A. BICKNELL.

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## INTRODUCTION.

**T**O an accidental Circumstance do the following Flights of Fancy, or descriptive Rhapsodies, owe their Origin.—As I stood, one Day, to take a View of the Prints exhibited in the Windows of an eminent Printseller; by one of those mental Effusions which are not be accounted for, the Words, “ *It said, or seemed to say,*” part of a Line in *Pope’s* beautiful Epistle from *Eloisa* to *Abelard*, suddenly occurred to my Mind:—

By the same Impromptu, it as suddenly became adapted to the Subject which then engaged my Attention, and gave Rise to the following Soliloquy.

“ Can one in a thousand,” thought I,  
“ of those who view the sentimental  
“ Prints before me, tell what the Fi-  
“ gures *seem to say*?—Do they compre-  
“ hend *the whole* of their Meaning?—  
“ Do not the much greater Part of the  
“ interesting *Minutiae*, meant to be ex-  
“ pressed by the Artist, or which the  
“ Imagination may fashion, pass un-  
“ observed?—And are not the Docu-  
“ ments to be drawn from them as un-  
“ intelligible



“ intelligible to most of the Observers,  
“ as Hieroglyphicks ?

“ This most undoubtedly is the Case,”  
said I, continuing the Thought ; “ and  
“ as it is so, it would be rendering no  
“ very inessential Service to the Public,  
“ to put into Language what is meant  
“ to be said by the *Personæ* of the prin-  
“ cipal Productions of the most cele-  
“ brated Artists of the present Times ;  
“ as thereby they may become more  
“ instructive, and their Utility be in-  
“ creased.”

Incited by these Reflections, I formed  
a Resolution to try my Abilities in a

Line so *nouvelle*; and to attempt, not only to describe the Circumstances as they appear to the Conception of a common Observer, but, giving Fancy the Reins, likewise to *imagine* those *Minutiæ*, the Artist may be supposed to have intended to represent;—at the same Time, making such explanatory Additions as it was not within the Reach of his Art to introduce.

Mr. BUNBURY'S *Family Picture*, (or as he has named it, *Family Piece*,) from its Situation in the Window, first presenting itself to my View, I began with that as a Specimen; and that Specimen

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having

having not only been honoured with the Approbation of several Men of Science, but with a favourable Reception from the Public, \* in an esteemed Publication, I have gone on till they amount to a sufficient Number to make two Volumes, which I flatter myself, will meet with the same Complacence.

It may be necessary to observe, that my Selection of the Prints has been casual. Such as first happened to fall in my Way, so they did but afford Room, (*“ more being meant than meets the  
“ Eye,”*)

\* In the GENERAL MAGAZINE and IMPARTIAL REVIEW, for February, 1789.

“ *Eye,*”) for the Indulgence of Fancy, or a luxuriant Description, became first the Subject of Consideration. And likewise, that I have generally confined my Commendation of a Piece to *the Expression of Sentiment* in it, without noticing its Merit as a Painting, unless the superior Excellence of Stile in which it is executed, would render an Omission of the due Encomium a Proof of a Want of Discernment.



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NUMBER I.

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

By BUNBURY.

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In pencil'd Tints the fancy'd Hero lives ;  
A deathless Name the purchas'd Picture gives.

*A. Bicknell.*

---

WITHOUT intending to give  
offence to any of the Body  
Corporate of this first of Corporate  
Cities, I will suppose that the humo-  
rous Caricature Figures sitting to  
have their Portraits taken, in the  
Piece above-mentioned, are designed

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to

to represent *Mr. Deputy Griskin* of  
—— Ward, the Sharer of his  
Bed and his Honours, and the rising  
Hope of their Family. The Painter  
is undoubtedly the celebrated *Mr.*  
*Van Naso*, so well known for the  
exact but stiff and formal Produc-  
tions of his Pencil.

The consequential Dignity assumed  
upon the Occasion by the Heads  
of the *Griskin* Family, and the Plea-  
sure they appear to be inspired with  
at the Thoughts of having their  
Resemblance handed down to Pos-  
terity (the Traits of which are so  
inimitably expressed by the Artist in  
the Countenance and Gesture of  
both,) seem to warrant me to sup-  
pose

pose that a fire-side Consultation took place between them before a Matter of such Importance could be brought to bear.

The exact Words of that Conversation are not now to be known. We may, however, conclude it to be nearly to the following Purport; and for the clearer Elucidation of it, I will give it in the dialogue Style. It may be necessary to premise, that the Deputy, through some lucky Hits in Trade, had attained a degree of Opulence little expected by his Progenitors.

*Mrs. Grislin.* 'Tis a Shame, *Mister Deputy*, that a Person of your Consequence should depart this Life, and

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when

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when he is departed, no Traces of him should remain !

*Mr. Deputy.* Depart this Life !— Surely I am not going to die yet, Wife. Nothing ails me that I know of.

*Mrs. G.* I don't mean, *Mr. Deputy*, to infer that you are going to depart this Life at present.—However agreeable it might be to sport a fashionable Suit of Widow's Weeds, I don't wish for such a Thing yet. But when you do die, I say, no Monument of what you was will remain behind.

*Mr. D.* Yes but there will, Wife ! my Name will be engraved upon a Tomb-stone, won't it ?



*Mrs. G.* But will that let Posterity know what a proper, good-looking Man the Deputy of ——— Ward was? Or can any Idea of those Charms which I condescended to bestow upon you, *Mr. Griskin*, be conveyed to future Generations by a *Here lies the Body?*

*Mr. D.* That's true, Wife; but, how can it be done any otherWay?

*Mrs. G.* You must be a Block-head, *Mr. Deputy*, not to know what I mean.—Have not several of your Common Council had their Portraits and those of their Spousefeses drawn by the famous *Mr. Van Naso*? Some with Dogs on their Laps;—some with their favourite Cats purring by

their Sides;—some with long-tailed Mackaws squalling from the Tops of their Cages;—and some with pretty Canary-Birds or Goldfinches perched upon their held-out Fore-fingers?

*Mr. D.* Now I understand your Meaning, Wife.—To be sure it will be very proper.—But won't it cost a great deal of Money?

*Mrs. G.* A great deal of Money! —Suppose it does?—Can't the Deputy of ——— Ward afford to indulge himself in a Luxury of this Kind as well any of his Common Council? —Shall we be out-done by our Inferiors?

*Mr. D.*

*Mr. D.* (*Sitting more erect, and assuming a consequential Air.*) No, Wife, I'll let them see that I have as noble a Spirit as the best of them.—If it costs five Guineas it shall be done.

*Mr. G.* Five Guineas, *Mr. Grislin!* —Why, Man, the notorious *Mr. Van Naso* does not paint a single Portrait for less than double that Sum.—And as to perpetuate the whole of our Family I intend to have *Tony's* Picture painted in the same Piece with ours, I dare say he'll not touch for less than *thirty*.

*Mr. D.* Zounds, Wife!—thirty Guineas!—Thirty Guineas will make a very pretty Article indeed in the Expence Account when we cast up at Christmas.

*Mrs. G.* Make what Sort of an Article it will, *Mr. Jerry*, I say it shall be done.—So that's settled.—We have therefore only to consider in what Attitudes we shall be drawn.

*Mr. D.* In any you please, Wife.—You know I always submit to you in those Things.

*Mrs. G.* Let me see!—Dogs and Cats are but vulgar Animals; and, as I loves Gentility as I love my Life, I'll have none of them.

*Mr. D.* Suppose, Wife, instead of a Dog or a Cat, which you say some of my Common Council Men are painted with, we were to have old Bess, our Cart-Mare, drawn standing by my Side, and *immortalize her too*.

*Mrs. G.*



*Mrs. G.* O hideous!—That would be more vulgarer than them.—No; I'll be drawn with a pretty Bird upon my Hand.

*Mr. D.* And what shall I have upon my Hand, Wife?

*Mrs. G.* Why one of the same, to be sure, to match mine. I loves uniformity in all things.

The Heir-apparent to this rising Family, who had been present during the foregoing Conversation, and had grown many Inches taller in his own Imagination at hearing he was to make one in the immortalized Groupe, here put in a Word, and asked his Mama what kind of a Bird he was to be drawn with.

*Mrs. G.* Had your poor dear Sister Susan been alive to have made one with us, *Tony*, you should have been drawn with a pretty Bird upon your Hand too, as we then should have made a *Quartetto*, as they call it at our *Consort*. But as we are but three, I don't think a *Trio* of Birds will be uniform; you therefore, my dear, shall be drawn like *Master Pruin*, in the Character of Cupid.

*Tony.* *Cupit*, Mama!—What sort of a Creature is that?

*Mrs. G.* Creature, Child!—It is a God.

*Tony.* Oh, la, Mama, then pray let me be a God.

*Mrs. G.*

*Mrs. G.* You shall, Child; and I am sure you have as much right to be one as *Master Pruin*, though his Father is an Alderman. So, *Tony*, you shall be drawn in that Character; with a Bow in your Hand, and a Quiver full of Arrows on your Back. You'll look mighty pretty in it, I dare say.

*Tony.* I am sure I shall, Mama. But I must not say a Word about it at School, for fear the Boys should nick-name me *Master Cupit*, and call me his *Godship*.

These important Points being settled, it was agreed that they should wait upon *Mr. Van Naso* the very next Day, in order to know when

he should be at leisure to gratify  
 “their longing after Immortality.”

They luckily found the Artist dis-  
 engaged.—Compliments being ex-  
 changed, and their Business made  
 known, *Mr. Van Naso* led them,  
 as the usual previous Step, through  
 his Gallery, pointing out to them  
 the Beauties of the principal Por-  
 traits, and embellishing his Remarks  
 with Anecdotes of the Originals.—  
 The delighted *Griskins* attended his  
 Steps absorbed in Wonder and Ad-  
 miration; now confirming the Pain-  
 ter's Encomiums on his own Works  
 by a Nod of Approbation, now ex-  
 pressing their Satisfaction by a Smile  
 or a commendatory Exclamation.

Having



Having viewed the whole, and being returned again to the Painting-Room, they seated themselves, at once to talk over the Purport of their Visit, and to rest themselves, from the Fatigue of Body and Mind they had undergone.—For though neither *Mr.* nor *Mrs. Grislin* knew any more of Painting than, as the saying is, “a Cow does of a new Shilling;” yet the Attention they were obliged to pay to the Painter’s Observations, for at least two Hours, in order to make him believe that they had sufficient Judgment to discern the Beauties he pointed out, was attended with no little Fatigue.

As

As soon as the Terms and the Time of sitting had been agreed upon, *Mr.* and *Mrs. Grislin* were about to take their Leave, fully satiated with what they had already heard on the Subject of Painting.—But *Mr. Van Naso*, who took more Pleasure in discoursing on the *Theory* of the Art (in which indeed his *Forte* lay) than even in the *Practice* of it, would not suffer them to depart with the Quantum he had given them.

Thinking he perceived in his Customers a passive Acquiescence which rendered them proper Auditors for a farther Exhibition of his Abilities in that Line, he mounted his Hobby-Horse, and before they could rise from their Seats, began the following Dissertation on the Art of Painting.

Common

Common Civility obliging the worthy Deputy and his fair Spouse to pay Attention to what a Person of whom they entertained so high an Opinion was about to say, they assumed a Complaisance not quite genuine, and with an Air of scientific Gravity that even the sagacious Department of the Bird of Wisdom could not exceed; disposed themselves to hear him.

“ Painting, my dear *Mr.* and *Mrs.*  
 “ *Griskin,*” said the much pleased *Van*  
*Naso*, bending forward in his Chair to  
 render his Discourse the more forcible,  
 “ is an Art which has been patronized,  
 “ ever since its first Rudiments  
 “ were known, by the greatest Men of  
 “ all Ages. And we have the Happiness  
 “ ness

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“ nefs to fee it peculiarly honoured at  
“ this Time by the Patronage of the  
“ worthy Sovereign of these Realms.

“ It has not only *received Encourage-*  
“ *ment* from Princes and Potentates,  
“ and other great Men, but it *has been*  
“ *practised* by many of them. One of  
“ the *Fabii*, a Family much celebrated  
“ among the ancient Romans, as I  
“ doubt not but you well know, Mr.  
“ Deputy, thought it not beneath him  
“ to take upon himself the Appellation  
“ of *Pictor*.”

Here the worthy Deputy made a low  
Bow to the Painter, by which he meant  
to have it understood that he was per-  
fectly well acquainted with both the  
Greek



Greek and Roman Histories ; though, by the bye, Cocker's Arithmetic and Lloyd's Evening Post were the utmost Extent of his literary Attainments.

“ Many of the Sovereigns of the  
 “ lower Empire,” continued *Van Nasso*,  
 “ amused themselves with the Pencil  
 “ and the Pallet.—*Lewis the XIIIth* of  
 “ France learned to design of *Voûet*,  
 “ one of the first Masters of that Cen-  
 “ tury. And many Potentates of later  
 “ Times have applied themselves to the  
 “ Art. In such high Esteem was the  
 “ Science I have the Honour to profess,  
 “ held by *Alexander the Great*, that he  
 “ did not scruple to give up a beloved  
 “ Mistress to *Apelles*, and to number  
 “ him among his Friends.—Painting  
 “ in

“ in those Days was reckoned such an  
“ honourable Profession, that all who  
“ were not noble were forbidden by an  
“ Edict of that Prince to exercise the  
“ Art.

“ So much for the Eminence of *my*  
“ Profession.—Permit me next, *Mr.*  
“ *Deputy*, just to touch upon the Qua-  
“ lifications necessary to a perfect Ac-  
“ quirement of the Art.—Whether or  
“ not I have been so happy as to attain  
“ that Perfection let my Works de-  
“ clare.”

Here the Painter gently waved his  
Hand round the Room, which was fol-  
lowed by the Eyes of *Mr.* and *Mrs.*  
*Griskin*, while an approving Smile from  
each

each seemed to acknowledge that he had.

Encouraged by this fresh Proof of his Visitors' Approbation, *Van Nasto* thus proceeded. "Painting, my dear  
 " Friends, is defined to be an Art  
 " that by Means of Design and Colour-  
 " ing imitates all visible Objects on a  
 " flat Superficies.—To Design and  
 " Colouring may be added Compo-  
 " sition; and a Person cannot attain  
 " to any Eminence in the Art, without  
 " being able to practise these three  
 " Parts of it.

" But before I proceed to a Descrip-  
 " tion of them it may be proper to in-  
 " form you, that *Genius* is the first  
 " Thing needful towards making a  
 " good

“ good Painter: This is a Part, Sir,  
“ that cannot be acquired either by  
“ Study or Labour: It is in vain for a  
“ Man to endeavour, with all his  
“ Might, to reach the Point of Per-  
“ fection in the Art of Painting, or  
“ indeed in any other Art, if he is not  
“ born with a peculiar Talent for the  
“ Science he professes. He will always  
“ be uncertain of attaining the End he  
“ proposes to himself.—Rules and Ex-  
“ amples may show him the Means  
“ of reaching it, but that is not suf-  
“ ficient; if these Rules and Examples  
“ are not easy and agreeable to him,  
“ he will never be sure. Genius,  
“ therefore, is that Light of the Mind  
“ which



“ which conducts us to the End by the  
 “ most easy Means.

“ A Man being born with this happy  
 “ Talent, he must regard visible Na-  
 “ ture as his Object. He must have  
 “ an Image of her in his Mind; not  
 “ only as he happens to see her in par-  
 “ ticular Subjects, but as she ought to  
 “ be in herself, and as she would be  
 “ were she not hindered by certain  
 “ Accidents. Now, it being very dif-  
 “ ficult to meet with this perfect State  
 “ of Nature, it is necessary that the  
 “ Painter should study the Sculptures  
 “ of the Ancients in order to learn  
 “ how to follow Nature; the Antiques  
 “ having always been the Rule of  
 “ Beauty to the best Judges.

“ He

“ He must not content himself with  
“ being exact and regular ; he should  
“ in every Thing he does show a grand  
“ *Gusto* ; that is, he should use the  
“ choicest Effects of Nature, and  
“ avoiding what is mean and insipid,  
“ have Recourse to such only as are  
“ great, extraordinary, and probable.  
“ —Great, because Things are so  
“ much the less sensible to us by how  
“ much they are little or divided.—  
“ Extraordinary, because what is ordi-  
“ nary does not strike us.—Probable,  
“ because it is requisite that these great  
“ and extraordinary Things should ap-  
“ pear to be possible and not chi-  
“ merical.

“ These

“ These Rules, and a few others,  
“ which I shall inform you of at some  
“ future Opportunity, being observed,  
“ a Painter may arrive at a great Degree  
“ of Perfection ; but unless  
“ Beauty be accompanied with *Grace*,  
“ he will not be entirely perfect.—  
“ Grace must season the whole, and  
“ every where follow Genius.—Grace  
“ supports and perfects it.—Grace and  
“ Beauty are two Things.—The former  
“ I would thus define:—It is  
“ what pleases and gains the Heart,  
“ without concerning itself with the  
“ Understanding.—Beauty pleases by  
“ the Rules only, and Grace without  
“ them.—What is beautiful is not  
“ always graceful, but Grace joined  
“ with

“ with Beauty is the Height of Per-  
 “ fection. *Voila, mon cher Ami ! et vous*  
 “ *Madame ! voila cet Goût !*” waving  
 his Hand as before.

In this elaborate Manner was *Van*  
*Naso* proceeding (for he was really well  
 skilled in the Rules of the Art he pro-  
 fessed, notwithstanding his Works did  
 not display much of that *Grace* he had  
 just been pointing out as so needful a  
 Requisite) when the worthy *Deputy*, to  
 whom all that had been said was just  
 as intelligible as Heathen Greek, ex-  
 tended his Jaws to their utmost Limits,  
 and breathed forth a Yawn, which, put  
 into Language, plainly said “ ’Tis a  
 “ damned long Cock-and-a-Bull Story,  
 “ good Mr. Painter, and I am heartily  
 “ tired of it !”

The



The Infection spread to the other Branches of his Family.—Mrs. *Griskin* broke out into a respondent *Yaw, yaw, yaw*, which as plainly said, “ I wish “ this Tale of a roasted Horse was “ ended.”—And young Master *Tony*, just awaking from a Slumber into which he had been lulled by the Painter’s unintelligible Discourse, joined spontaneously in the Concert.

*Mr. Van Naso* was too intent upon his favourite Topic, and too well persuaded that it *must* prove interesting, to suffer a trifling Appearance of Languor and Dissatisfaction to put a Stop to it. He therefore paid no Attention to the *Ennui* which had thus overpowered the Complaisance of his Auditors.—But a Peal

of Yawns breaking forth at once from the whole *Grifkin* Family, in as true Time as ever a Peal of triple Grand-fires or Bob-majors was rung by the College Youths, the astonished Painter stared and stopped.

Such a palpable Token of Satiety was not to be misunderstood or resisted. —He therefore begged their Pardon for detaining them so long upon a Subject that might not *as yet* be so entertaining to them as he could wish; but which, he was assured, when they had acquired a further Insight into the Theory of it, must afford great Satisfaction to Persons of such Taste and Judgment in the polite Arts. (Here the *Grifkins* lowly bowed.) “For,” continued the Painter,

Painter, “ there is nobody, of what  
“ Condition or Profession soever, but  
“ may profit very much by a Know-  
“ ledge of the Art. To Divines, Phi-  
“ losophers, Soldiers, Merchants, Tra-  
“ vellers, Geographers, Sculptors, Ar-  
“ chitects, Lovers of the fine Arts, and  
“ even to those, who having no parti-  
“ cular Profession but that of Men of  
“ Honour, would adorn their Minds  
“ with the Knowledge of those Things  
“ which might render them more wor-  
“ thy of Esteem, it may prove useful.  
“ —Of this I may find an Opportunity  
“ of convincing you, *Mr. Deputy*, and  
“ your fair Spouse, if I am honoured  
“ with the Continuance of your Ac-  
“ quaintance.”

A suitable Reply being made by the *Griskins*, they prepared to depart; but not before the Price of the intended Picture became again the Subject of Discussion. The Deputy, like a Man of Business, could not help *biggling* a little about the Terms, and trying to obtain an Abatement of a few Guineas. This, however, was soon put a Stop to by a rebuking Frown from his Rib, the powerful Efficacy of which he was perfectly acquainted with; and they took Leave with a Promise of returning that Day week to fit.

At the Expiration of that Period, which had appeared to all the *Griskins* to have crept on very heavily, they entered a Hackney-Coach, and were conveyed  
once



once more to *Mr. Van Nafó's*, whom they found with his Canvas spread, and his whole Apparatus prepared.

The Expectations of the Painter, viz. the Acquirement of Profit and Fame; and those of his Visitors, the Hopes of obtaining increased Respect, together with a deathless Name; being on the Wing, no Time was lost.—They were soon seated as you see in the Piece, and the Painter went to work.—Of their Attitude, Looks, and Gesture, it will be needless to say any more, as “those who run may read.” The Passions of the Soul by which the whole Groupe seem to be agitated are expressed in the most lively Manner by the Artist.

*Mr. Van Naso's* Picture, of which the first Sketch is seen, being finished, it was conveyed to the Deputy's House in ——— Street, where it was immediately hung up in the best Parlour, amidst the Exultations of the whole Family; and not a Person enters the Doors but they are invited to behold this mortal *Apotheosis* of the *Grifkins*.

It still hangs in the same Parlour; and bids fair to make known the Names and Persons of this respectable Family till Time shall be no more.—If so be, through one of those unlucky Revolutions which sometimes happen in Families of much greater Antiquity  
and

and Respectability than that of the *Griskins*, it does not chance, before the Conclusion of the next Century, to grace the Door of a Broker's Shop in *Harp-Alley*!



## NUMBER II.

## THE DISAPPOINTED EPICURES.

*By ROWLANDSON.*


---

When just possess'd, too oft, alas!  
 Joy gives us all the Slip;  
 How many Things do come to pass  
 Between the Cup and Lip.

*A. B.*


---

**T**O prevent the Imputation of Scandal, should any similar Characters to these exhibited in the Print before us, *now* exist, we will suppose that the Scene, represented with so much Humour, happened in the earliest Period  
 of



of that memorable Æra, when Turtle was first numbered among the Luxuries of the English Table, and the *Calapash* and *Calapee* began to rival the delicate Turbot, and the savoury Haunch.

About the latter End of the Year 16—— Sir William Gobble having received from a mercantile House in Jamaica one of these newly imported Delicacies, as a Present, he invited a Party of select Friends to partake of the delicious Repast.

In the Choice of this select Party, Sir William, who prided himself in the Regularity, Elegance, and Profusion of his Entertainments, was more than commonly careful; lest the Skill of his

Cook, and the Daintiness of the new Dish, should not receive the merited Encomium.

There was not a Man among them, but would have done Honour to the Table of Heliogabalus. So skilled were each of them in the Art of Cookery, that they knew to a Turn, or a Bubble, the precise Time when every Kind of Viand should smoke on the Table. Not a Collector of natural Curiosities could take more Pains in searching after a curious Shell or Spar, than they did to attain a Knowledge of the nicest Parts of every Kind of Fish, Flesh, and Fowl.—A wild Duck over-roasted, a Haunch dressed before it had acquired the true *Fumette*, or a Pasty discoloured  
in

in the Baking, would disturb their Peace of Mind, for a Week.—And what was more to their Honour (measuring their Merit by the *Bon Vivant's* Scale) not one of them but could put three Pounds, exclusive of Pastry and Fruit, under his Girdle. In short, the celebrated Gormandizer, *Quin*, of facetious Memory, was but a Babe to the meanest of them, either in his theoretic Knowledge of good Living, or in the practical Part.

In a private Memorandum found in the Cabinet of Sir William, after his Decease, the Events of the fatal Day, immortalized by the Pencil of the Artist, are truly recorded. The Names, likewise, of the Persons are particu-

larized, who honoured him with their Company upon the Occasion ; and who partook—not of the Turtle—but of the Disappointment.

A Disappointment, described in the Manuscript just mentioned, in Terms the most forcible and bewailing. Not the Loss of a favourite Child ;—the Bankruptcy of a Nation ;—the swallowing up of a City ;—or the Destruction of Thousands ;—(according to Sir William's Account) could have affected either of them half so much as the Loss of the smoking Calapash and Calapee.

The Vexation and Astonishment depicted by the Artist upon the Countenances,



tenances, and in the Attitudes of the whole Groupe, declare the real State of their Minds.—An Exclamation somewhat less obstreperous than that uttered by the fallen Angels, when they found themselves precipitated into the Burning Lake, but not less expressive of Horror and Consternation, burst, in the same Instant, from every one of the Company.—The yelping of the Dog;—the Crash of the China;—the Cries of the falling Domestic;—the Rumbling they made on the Floor;—the Exclamation of Sir William and his Visitors;—the popping of the Cork, and whizzing of the Spruce Beer;—produced such a complicated Noise, as perhaps (says the Mfs.) was never heard before

fore in the House of a private Gentleman.

Execrations, without Number, were poured out upon the Dog, the original Cause of this momentous Disaster, and upon the heedless Servants.—At length, the Tumult being somewhat subsided, and the Violence of the execrative Eruptions a little abated, the disappointed Epicures expressed their Vexation in a more cool, though not a less feeling Manner. They could not, however, forbear interlarding their Complaints, here and there, with a few vindictive Ebullitions.

As Etiquette required, the Master of the House began with apologizing  
to

to his Guests for the Heedlessness of his Servants. "I am sorry, my dear Friends," said he, "for the Accident which has just happened. And the more so, as it is, for the present, irremediable. With such Violence did the Rascals tumble, Curse on their careless Heads! that the whole Carpet is bestrewed with the precious Remains, and not a Morsel can be gathered up."

"Oh that their Brains had but mingled with the smoking Calapash," exclaimed Mr. Alderman Commerce; "that would, at least, have afforded us some Consolation!"—The Alderman had reached the Pre-eminence of being Father of the City; he had been knighted;

knighted; and bating his Propensity to gormandizing, for which indeed he was indebted to the Frequency of the City Feasts, he was a worthy Man, and a respectable Magistrate.—You see in the Print what Preparations he had made to pursue without Restraint his favourite Amusement. Saint George could not have taken more Care that his Arms and Armour were in a proper State, when he was about to encounter the Dragon, than Sir Richard had done for attacking this amphibious Monster.—The tucked-in Napkin, and unbuttoned Waistband, after the City Manner of those Days, speak his Attention, that no Obstruction should arise to his heroic Atchievements in *his* Encounters.

“ Brains,



“ Brains indeed ! ” cried Major  
M’Gorman ; “ can you expect Brains  
“ from such brainless Rascals ? Zounds !  
“ would I had seen their Hearts Blood  
“ flowing about the Room with the  
“ savoury Juices of the Turtle, and  
“ their Liver and Lights sliced in  
“ among the green Fat.”

“ Let me anatomize the Scoundrels ! ”  
bellowed out Doctor Borax. “ It would  
“ be the most pleasing Employ I  
“ could know amidst this Scene, to cut  
“ their Flesh into Collops no bigger  
“ than those delicious ones, which (may  
“ Stitches, Cramps, and Aches be their  
“ Portion !) are now floating on the  
“ Floor.”

“ God

“ God forgive them, said the Dean  
“ of ——— ; but I had almost rather  
“ have given up my Hopes of a Bi-  
“ shoprick, than it should have hap-  
“ pened.”

“ De’el burn them !” cried a Scotch  
Advocate ; “ by Sir Walliam’s Leave,  
“ we will encarcerize them. And if  
“ soond Sanse and fine Oratory will  
“ avail, the Pannel shall return them  
“ irrelevant.”

In this Manner did the enraged and  
disappointed Epicures vent their Cha-  
grin, while the poor Devils of Servants,  
whose Heedlessness had been the secon-  
dary Cause of it, stood with their  
Mouths wide open, and their Eyes  
wildly

wildly staring, unable, so great was their Fright, to utter one Word in their own Defence. To add to their ludicrous Appearance, and to throw a greater Gloom over their doleful Countenances, their best Liveries were be-plastered with fried Oysters, force-meat Balls, and green Fat, which had stuck to them in their Fall. Their Wigs, likewise, which had been nicely combed and powdered, in order to wait at Table, were now frosted like a twelfth Cake, with the Froth of the Spruce Beer; the Bottle, from whence it had proceeded, still remaining between the warped Legs of the fascinated Butler.

The Dog, who had been the primary Cause of the Disaster, had by this Time  
ceased

ceased his Yells, and to save himself from further Harm had retreated under the Sideboard ; where he lay, pouring forth, in a whining Tone, the most melancholy Notes.

Luckily, a boiled Turkey and Oyster Sauce, with one or two other Dishes, which made part of the Bill of Fare, had escaped the Fate of the principal Dish, and had reached the Table in good Condition. These Sir William ordered to be removed to an adjacent Room ; and the Cloth being laid there, he led his Company into it. With this Repast they consoled themselves, as well as the Nature of the Case would admit ; but it was not till each of them had poured down his third Bottle, that  
the



the Muscles of their Faces began to relax, and the melancholy Impression made upon them by the Disappointment to clear away. It had, however, taken such firm Hold of their Hearts, that no other Subject could find a Place in their Conversation during the Remainder of the Evening; nor was there one among them but what continued to speak of it, with the utmost Regret, to his dying Day.



## NUMBER III.

## THE BATCHELOR.

*By WIGSTEAD.*


---

Drink, and sing, and dance, and toy,  
 Welcome ev'ry passant Joy;—  
 Speed the roseate Hours away,  
 Make Life a sunshine Holiday.—  
 But know—the prudent Line o'erpass't,  
 A cheerless Cloud may come at last.

*A. B.*


---

**B**EHOLD the once-gay Lothario!—  
 the Pink of Courtesy;—the Quint-  
 essence of Gentility;—the Mirror of  
 Gallantry;—the Life of the gay Cir-  
 cle;—

cle;—the Pole-Star of many a fair One's Sighs!—How often, as he has moved through the circling Meanders of the Ball, have his engaging Figure, and his graceful Air, attracted the Admiration of every female Beholder!

With what Delight has the lovely *Lucinda* joined him in the slowly-moving Minuet!—How great has been her Triumph, while she has looked round upon her less happy Rivals!—And how has the mistaken Maiden prided herself in being the favoured *One*, for whom alone he sighed!—How has the charming *Harriet* envied the happy *Lucinda*, till a kind Look from *her own* Lothario has set her Mind at Ease.—What jealous Pangs have racked *Maria's* Breast,  
if

if she has observed an amorous Glance bestowed upon *Eliza*!—While *Eliza*, in her Turn, has been as much agitated at his Attention to *Georgiana*.

This *was* the gallant gay Lothario—Look at the Print referred to, and see what now he *is*.—Alas, how chop-fallen! Where are now the Roses that bloomed, in such lively Tints upon his Cheek, and attracted every female Eye?—All faded,—all fled;—never more, perhaps, to know a reviving Spring.—With what a fallow Hue are those Lillies tinged which were once his Pride?—What is become of that Vigour which carried him, with so much Activity and Grace, through the Mazes of the Dance, and obtained for him so  
elevated



elevated a Rank in the Service of the Cyprian Queen?—Sunk, alas! into Debility and Languor!

With returning Health, should Health again return, dedicate one Moment, incontinent young Man, to cool Reflection.—Learn from thy present humiliating State, that underneath the flowery Carpet, wherewith the Paths of Pleasure are spread, too often lurks the poisonous Asp, and stops the thoughtless Traveller's Career.

Lothario is descended from a good Family, and born to Prospects which entitled him to some Degree of Respectability in Life. But through the mistaken Fondness of his Mother,

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greater

greater Attention was paid, during his Youth, to the Cultivation of the Graces, than to more useful Acquirements.

A Commission in the Army being considered as the most eligible Situation for the Display of such Talents as he possessed, aided by an elegant Person, and a genteel Address, as soon as he had attained a proper Age, a Cornetcy in a Regiment of Horse was purchased for him. His Vivacity and natural Disposition soon led him into all those Dissipations in which too many of the military Gentlemen are apt to indulge themselves; and, in a little Time, he was as experienced in the Arts of Gallantry as the most veteran Debauchee among them.

Many were the Conquests that his becoming Habiliments and insinuating Manners enabled him to make in the different Country Towns where he happened to be stationed. Scarcely any of them were quitted without the upbraiding Tears and Sighs of more than one ruined Maiden.

But it was not till the Corps to which he belonged were stationed, by Command, in the Environs of London, that Lothario reached the Zenith of his Gallantry. Then, not an abandoned Lady of Quality;—not a first-Rate Demirep;—not a sanctified Prude, who sometimes sacrificed, *under the Rose*, to the tender Passion—but marked him for their own. And here, likewise, too,

too often, did the inexperienced Virgin, whose Views were of a more honourable Nature, find herself, alas! deceived.

At length, induced by the Example of some of his dissolute Companions, and impelled by that Love of Variety to which the Heart of a Libertine is ever prone, he commenced a Train of Amours in a lower Stile. His Evening's Resort was usually to the Theatres, where, among the Box-Lobby-Loungers, or in the upper Boxes, he formed Connexions with the Courtezans who frequent those Cytherean Marts. As the Favours of these promiscuous Sacrificers at the Shrine of Venus are not always of the purest Kind, a Foundation was laid,  
which



which rendered the Aid of the medical Gentlemen needful, and, after a Time, reduced him to that debilitated and uncomfortable State, in which we see him in the Print before us.

What a sad Reverse!—From Health, Chearfulness, and Liberty, those first of Blessings, to a loathsome Disease, an apprehensive Gloom, and a degrading Confinement.—How dearly have the Pleasures from which this Reverse has flowed, been purchased!

Such are the Rewards of Libertinism!—In the following Number we shall see, as the ingenious Artist has, with great Propriety, furnished us with the Contrast, how much more rational,

fatisfactory, and permanent, those Joys are found to be, which are entwined with the sacred nuptial Band.

But as not only the Metropolis, but almost every other City and Town has its *Lotharios*, (the expeditious Mode of Travelling, of late Years established, having opened such an Intercourse, that the fashionable Follies and Vices quickly find their Way to the most distant Parts of the Kingdom,) it may not be deemed a Deviation from the Subject, to insert here, with a View to their Reformation, an abridged Translation of the celebrated Fable, named “The Choice of Hercules.”—In this beautiful Composition, which was written upwards of Two thousand Years ago

ago by *Prodicus*, and is related by *Xenophon* in his "Memorable Things of *Socrates*," the Superiority of a Life of Temperance, Activity, and Virtue over a Life devoted to Indolence, Dissipation, and Vice, is represented in the most pleasing and convictive Manner.

"*Alcides* had now attained that Period," says the Grecian Sage, "when Youth, elate and gay, steps into Life, and either follows unrestrained where Passion leads, or else pursues the Way that Prudence points him out.

"The Thought that he had reached the Age at which Deeds of Glory

“ were to be performed, now took full  
“ Possession of his Mind. To indulge  
“ the noble Impulse, he, one Day  
“ sought Retirement; and, lost in  
“ Meditation, strayed far into a lonely  
“ Vale.

“ In this Solitude, fitted for Con-  
“ templation, he surveyed, in Idea,  
“ the dubious Path of Life.—Before  
“ him lay two different Roads; here,  
“ *Virtue's* rough Ascent, there, *Plea-*  
“ *sure's* flowery Way.—Much did the  
“ View divide his wavering Mind.—  
“ His Breast now glowed with gene-  
“ rous Thirst of Fame.—Now softer  
“ Thoughts prevailed; inclined his  
“ yielding Soul to Love of Ease, and  
“ quenched the rising Flame.

“ While



“ While thus in Doubt he stood, two  
“ female Forms he spyed, bending  
“ their Steps towards him. Both ex-  
“ ceeded the Size of Mortals ; and  
“ both were fair, beyond all human  
“ Beauty.—Each graceful moved, but  
“ with a different Grace ; *this* striking  
“ the Beholder with a sacred Awe,  
“ *that* exciting Tendernefs and Love.

“ The first furpassed in Dignity ;—  
“ clad in a snow-white Vest, august she  
“ trod ; yet modest was her Air ; and  
“ as she nearer drew, she still appeared  
“ more lovely and more mild.

“ The other Damsel seemed even  
“ fairer than the former ; but bold and  
“ forward was her Mien.—Unguarded

“ roved her Eye.—All soft and deli-  
“ cate, she lightly tripped along; the  
“ clear Texture of her Robe betray-  
“ ing every Limb, and adding to  
“ the Charms it seemed designed to  
“ shade.

“ As they approached the Son of  
“ Jove, the fairer Dame, free and de-  
“ bonaire, stepped forward, and hang-  
“ ing on his Neck with winning Fond-  
“ ness, thus addressed the wondering  
“ Youth.—‘ Dear Hercules, what mean  
“ these Doubts ?—Why dost thou hesi-  
“ tate about the Way thou oughtest to  
“ choose ?—Securely follow wheresoe’er  
“ I lead; then shalt thou range through  
“ Wilds of Pleasure, unconfined.—  
“ With me retire from Noise, and Pain,  
“ and

“ and Care ; embathed in Bliss and  
“ wrapt in endless Ease.—Rough is the  
“ Road to Fame ; through War and  
“ Blood. Smooth is the Way I go, and  
“ all my Paths are Peace.—No longer  
“ ruminate !—With me retire, from  
“ Toils and Perils free ; leave Honour  
“ to the Wretch ! Pleasures were made  
“ for thee.’

“ With such Allurements did the  
“ artful Maid strive to beguile the in-  
“ experienced Youth.—Her winning  
“ Voice caught his Attention.—He  
“ gazed, he listened ; then besought  
“ her Name.—‘ My Name, fair Youth,  
“ is *Happiness*, she said.—So am I  
“ called, with Truth, by those who  
“ share my Bliss ; but Slander calls me

“ *Indolence.*—Heed not what Slander  
“ says.’


“ By this, arrived the fair majestic  
“ Dame; who all the while, with the  
“ same modest Pace, composed ad-  
“ vanced: and thus, in a firm manly  
“ Tone, the tempted Youth addres-  
“ sed.—‘ Know, Hercules, thou art of  
“ heavenly Race!—Thy tender Age  
“ has loved Instruction’s Voice; and  
“ promises, if Manhood should con-  
“ firm thy glorious Choice, that thou  
“ wilt prove thy high Descent from  
“ Heaven.—Rise then, dear Youth;  
“ for Expectation waits to see thee rise,  
“ and dare be worthy Jove.

“ But



" But what Truth prompts (conti-  
 " nues she) my Tongue shall not dis-  
 " guise. The steep Ascent must be  
 " with Toil subdued.—The lofty Prize  
 " proposed by Heaven, which is alone  
 " true Bliss and real Good, must be by  
 " Labour, Care, and Watchings won.  
 " —*Honour* rewards the brave and bold  
 " alone. She spurns the timorous,  
 " indolent, and base.—Danger and  
 " Toil stand stern before her Throne,  
 " so Jove commands. Who seeks her  
 " must the mighty Cost sustain, and  
 " pay the Price of Fame; Labour and  
 " Care, and Pain.

" Hear'st thou (abrupt cries *Sloth*)  
 " what Dangers, gentle Youth, she tells  
 " thee thou must prove?—Tumult and  
 " Wars



" Wars but ill besit thy Age ; an Age  
 " besitting only Joy and Love.—Turn  
 " therefore, gentle Youth, to me, to  
 " Love, and Joy !—To these I lead.—  
 " No Dangers there shall stay thy easy  
 " Course ; no Cares annoy thy Peace.  
 " —Short is my Way to Bliss ; fair,  
 " easy, smooth, and plain.—Turn then,  
 " fair Youth ; with me eternal Plea-  
 " sures reign.'

" What Pleasures, vain, mistaken  
 " Wretch, are thine, (*Virtue*, with  
 " Scorn, replied) whose tasteless Joys  
 " anticipate Desire ?—Vast Happiness  
 " thy Votaries enjoy !—A Youth of  
 " Follies, an old Age of Cares.—  
 " Young, yet enervate ; old, yet never  
 " wise.—Vice wastes their Vigour, and  
 " impairs

“ impairs their Mind.—Vain, idle, deli-  
“ cate, in thoughtless Ease, reserving  
“ Woes for Age, their Prime they  
“ spend.—All wretched, hopeless, full  
“ of evil Days, with Sorrow tend they  
“ to the Verge of Life.—Grieved with  
“ the present, of the past ashamed,  
“ they live and are despised; they die,  
“ nor more are named.

“ But with the Gods and godlike  
“ Men *I* dwell.—Whatever Works ex-  
“ cel, whether divine or human, I in-  
“ spire.—Counsel with Strength, and  
“ Industry with Art, in Union fit con-  
“ joined, reside with me. My Dictates  
“ arm, instruct, and mend the Heart;  
“ the surest Policy, the wisest Guide.

“ Nor

“ Nor need my Friends the varied  
“ costly Feast.—Hunger to them sup-  
“ plies the Effects of Art.—Labour  
“ prepares their wearied Limbs to  
“ Rest.—Sweet is their Sleep; light,  
“ chearful, strong they rise.—Through  
“ Health, through Joy, through Plea-  
“ sure, and Renown, they tread my  
“ Paths.—Till by a soft Descent they  
“ reach old Age, and then look back  
“ with Transport on a Life in which no  
“ Hour passed unimproved away; in  
“ which some generous Deed distin-  
“ guished every Day.—And when, the  
“ destined Time at length complete,  
“ their Ashes rest in Peace, eternal  
“ Fame sounds wide their Praise, and  
“ ever lives their Name.—This, Her-  
“ cules,



“ cules, is *Happiness* !—Obey *my* Voice  
“ and live !—Let thy celestial Birth lift  
“ and enlarge thy Thoughts !—Be-  
“ hold the Way that leads to Fame,  
“ and raises thee from Earth !—Arise,  
“ pursue the glorious Path !’

“ Thus spoke the heavenly Maid.  
“ Her Words impart new Vigour to the  
“ Soul of *Hercules*, and instantly he  
“ caught the generous Flame.—His  
“ Bosom swells with great Intent, and  
“ labours with exalted Thought. The  
“ Mist of Error from his Eyes dis-  
“ pelled, he now discerned, through  
“ all her fraudulent Arts, the Syren  
“ *Sloth*.—Now, in her native Form,  
“ unveiled she stood.—Her vaunted  
“ Charms, which shone erewhile so fresh  
“ and

“ and fair, now withered, pale, and  
“ gone.

“ But *Virtue*, more engaging, now  
“ disclosed new Charms.—She seemed  
“ to look more lovely, more serene;  
“ and shed a sweeter Influence around.  
“ —A nobler Smile softened the Ter-  
“ rors of her lofty Mien.

“ Lead, Goddess, I am thine! (trans-  
“ ported, cried *Alcides*.) Teach me  
“ thy Way.—Possess my Soul.—Be thou  
“ my Guide.—O never, never, from  
“ thee let me stray!’

“ While thus the ardent Youth his  
“ Vows addressed, with all the Goddess  
“ filled his Bosom glowed.—Thence-  
“ forth, the heavenly Maid with  
“ Strength

" Strength divine endued his daring  
 " Soul.—Firm Constancy, undaunted  
 " Fortitude, enduring Patience, armed  
 " his mighty Mind.—Unmoved in  
 " Toils, in Dangers undismayed, aided  
 " by her, he many a hardy Deed and  
 " bold Emprize atchieved.—Through  
 " her he gained the Skies."

" Thus Virtue plac'd him in the blest Abodes,  
 " Crown'd with eternal Youth, a God among  
 the Gods."

This moral Fable was particularly intended by the Grecian Sage as an Admonition to the gay and dissipated among the higher Ranks. He represents, in a beautiful Allegory, the Temptations to which *Hercules*, one of the most

most eminent of the ancient Demigods or Heroes, was exposed, when he first entered upon his Career of Glory. The Consequences of his judicious Choice are well known : After a Series of Exploits, which were not only gallant and glorious, but beneficial to the World, he acquired immortal Fame, and was deified by his grateful and exulting Countrymen.

The Instruction, however, is not confined to those of elevated Rank. *Mutatis mutandis* ;—with proper Attention and Discrimination, it might prove serviceable to Persons in every Situation, and of every Condition. For there is no Rank, in which an *immoderate* Love of Pleasure and Dissipation will not  
be



be productive of disagreeable Consequences, of some Kind or other, though, perhaps, not exactly of the same Nature as those experienced by *Lothario*; or where a Life of Virtue, Activity, and useful Employment, is not attended with Honour and Satisfaction.—But to return to the Picture, our present Subject.

To what a Number of disagreeable Circumstances has not *Lothario's* Imprudence subjected him, exclusive of the Pain, the Disgrace, and the Confinement! We see him exposed to the Quackery of an ignorant Pretender to Physic, to the nauseous Assiduities of a drunken unfeeling Nurse, and to the needful Paraphernalia of a sick Room.

The

The Physician (for a Diploma from one of the Scotch Universities, obtained at a small Expence, and with less Merit, entitled him to add to his Name the two cabalistical Letters, M. D.) was once a Country Apothecary. Not finding his physical Knowledge, as he thought, properly encouraged there, he came to Town, commenced Physician, set up his Carriage, and by Dint of a scientific Look, a large Wig, and an unabashed Countenance, got into no inconsiderable Degree of Practice.

His *Forte* (if his scanty Portion of Skill deserves that Term) lying in the Cure of the Disorder for which he had been called in by Lothario, he applied  
himself

himself particularly to that Branch: and being in Possession of a Noftrum, was lucky enough to make, now and then, a Cure. His Method was, however, in general, to patch up the Complaint; till, to his farther Emolument, it broke out again, in a more confirmed State.

But what will not the Magic of a Name do! Doctor *Craftino* was cryed up as a famous Man in his Way, and Business, in this Line, poured in upon him. At length he became so well known, that he was retained in the Service of most of the genteeler Brothels, in order to prevent any Loss arising to the Proprietors from a temporary Secession of their fair Adjutors. And as he  
was

was very dexterous in partial Cures, as just observed, this proved the most profitable Part of his Business.

The Gravity of the Doctor's Phiz, (which the Artist, for Reasons best known to himself, has not retained so exact a Resemblance of as he ought to have done) with the Addition of his scientific Wig, and no less scientific Cane, *seem to say* that he possesses great Knowledge in every Branch of the medical Art; *Lothario's* languid Appearance, however, does not exhibit any very conspicuous Confirmation of this great Skill, or seem to promise a very speedy Cure.

Let us now turn our Eyes to a more pleasing Scene. A Scene, which must be



be far more pleasing ; as it is far more conducive to the real Interest and Happiness of the Individual who participates thereof, as well as to the Community at large ; and which is most pleasingly exemplified by the Painter.



## NUMBER IV.

## THE MARRIED MAN.

BY THE SAME.

Hail WEDDED LOVE, mysterious Law, true  
Source

Of human Offspring, sole Propriety  
In Paradise of all Things common else !  
By thee adult'rous Lust was driv'n from Men  
Among the bestial Herds to range ; by thee  
Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the Charities  
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.—  
Perpetual Fountain of domestic Sweets !—  
Here Love his golden Shafts employs, here lights  
His constant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings,  
Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought Smile  
Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,  
Casual Fruition—.

*Milton's Paradise Lost, Book IV.*

BEHOLD

---

**B**EHOLD the thrice-happy Philander!—the affectionate Husband;—the tender Father;—the virtuous Citizen;—the prudent Man. No Scenes of midnight Riot break his Rest;—no Fumes of the inebriating Grape distract his Head;—no Fears of impure Contamination embitter his Joys;—no corroding Reflections destroy his Peace.—But, chearful and serene, he passes through Life, making the most of its Blessings, and disarming its Evils of their Stings,—a Comfort to himself,—an Ornament to his Family,—and a Benefit to Society.

*Philander* succeeded his Father, at an early Age, in his Estate and his Virtues.—Though exposed to the fascinating Allurements by which young Men, possessed of a genteel Independency, are usually surrounded, his good Sense enabled him to eschew every dangerous Extreme ; and though he may sometimes have made such Sacrifices to his Passions or to Fashion, as the rigid Stoic, notwithstanding he condemns, does not always avoid, he never wandered *far* from the Path of Virtue and Prudence.

To preserve this Rectitude, and to put it out of the Power of the Genius of Dissipation to seduce him into her Toils, he had no sooner attained the  
Age



Age of Twenty-one, and had celebrated that Æra by an hospitable Day, dedicated to his Acquaintance, and his Tenants ; than he formed a Resolution of resorting to the Temple of Hymen, and paying his Devoirs to the saffron-robed God.

And in conducting this important Step, he did not lose Sight of that Discretion which had hitherto directed all his Actions. He was not guided solely by Passion, nor by Interest ; they each shared in his Attention. The most angelic Form, without the other needful Requisites to connubial Happiness, would not have outweighed his Prudence ; neither would the most ample

Fortune have availed, unless his Heart  
had been a Party in the Union.

*Philander* had frequently seen the fair  
and amiable Daughter of his Neighbour,  
Sir William Maple; and could not be  
insensible to her Charms and Accom-  
plishments.—A particular Description  
of the Person of the lovely *Matilda*  
will *here* be needless. From her Por-  
trait, in the Plate, we see what she is  
in her maternal State, when the Vivacity  
and Ruddiness of Youth have been mel-  
lowed by the Revolution of a few Years;  
and from that may be judged, how  
lovely she was when encircled in her  
maiden Cestus.—Her mental Charms  
are there likewise as truly pourtrayed in  
her Countenance and Attitude.—From  
her

her Eyes beam ineffable Affection and Tenderness for the dear Partner of her Heart, and the lovely Fruits of that Affection ; and her Gesture lends its Aid to display at once the most honourable of Characters, the affectionately dutiful Wife, and the fond Mother.— In these Traits, the natural Goodness of *Matilda's* Heart, from her earliest Years, may be traced.

As often as *Philander* fell into her Company, he was impelled by that internal Impulse “ which makes all “ our Moves,” to endeavour to render himself as agreeable to her as possible ; and he had the Happiness to find that his Affiduities were not unnoticed. To his inexpressible Satisfac-

faction, he perceived that the gentle Flame which had been lighted up in his Bosom had communicated itself to hers.

—The Indications of *True Love* are neither to be concealed nor suppressed.—

*Matilda's* Eyes spoke a Language, which *Philander* thought he might interpret, without much Perversion, into that most pathetic and unaffected Declaration of the tender *Juliet*; “ If that thy Bent  
“ of Love be honourable, thy Purpose,  
“ Marriage, send me Word, To-mor-  
“ row, where, and what Time, thou  
“ wilt perform the Rite; and all my  
“ Fortunes at thy Foot I'll lay, and  
“ follow thee, my Love, throughout  
“ the World.”

Thus



Thus pleasingly prepossessed, it was not long before he grew more particular in his Attentions; and, one Day, finding a favourable Opportunity, he disclosed to her the State of his Heart. This he did in Terms so full of unaffected Fervour, and becoming Humility, as to leave no Doubt of the Sincerity of his Vows.

*Matilda* heard him urge his Suit, with great Complacency. Above all Reserve, and disdaining that affected Surprize, with which the first Declaration of Love is generally received by many of her Sex, she returned him such an Answer, as the Susceptibility, the good Sense, and the Delicacy, of a *Juliet* would have dictated.

E 5

Transported

Transported with the Progress he had made, *Philander* now, with *Matilda's* Permission, solicited the Sanction of her Parent. It was not refused. For, the Sentiments of the young Folks according, no reasonable Objection could be made to the Proposal. And the enraptured *Philander* led the blushing Fair-One, "nothing loth," to the Altar.— Their gentle Stars thus blending in one Fate, their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their very Beings.

Passing over the sweet Attentions of the Honey-Moon, that Spring Time of Love, let us view this happy Pair in the Situation they are exhibited : And how can I do this better than in the following sweet descriptive Lines of Thomson ;

Thomson ; which seem to have excited in the Imagination of the Artist the Idea he has here so pleasingly represented !

" 'Tis not the coarser Tie of human Laws,  
 " Unnatural oft, and foreign to the Mind,  
 " That binds *their* Peace, but Harmony itself,  
 " Attuning all their Passions into Love ;  
 " Where Friendship full exerts her softest Power,  
 " Perfect Esteem enliven'd by Desire  
 " Ineffable, and Sympathy of Soul ;  
 " Thought meeting Thought, and Will preventing Will,  
 " With boundless Confidence : for nought but  
     Love  
 " Can answer Love, and render Bliss secure."

What a Contrast this to the casual Connections of a *Lothario* !—to the pur-

chased Smile of the false Harlot, loveless, joyless, undeared!—Contemplate, ye *Lotbarios*, the two contrasted Drawings here referred to; and if you can command a momentary Gleam of Reason, listen to its Dictates, and tell me which State appears to be most productive of genuine Happiness;—to be most commendable in itself, and most beneficial to Society?—Hope not to find *unalloyed* Happiness in this ever varying Life, but be assured that the nearest Approach to it is the State of this wedded Pair; whom Love, the purest Love, has cemented in holy Faith.

To crown their Felicity, see! a smiling Offspring rises round, and mingles both their Graces. This furnishes an Opportunity



Opportunity for a further Exertion of the benign Passions.—As the infant Reason buds, it calls for their assiduous Care.—How beautifully is this parental Duty described by the Poet!

“ Delightful Task! to rear the tender Thought,  
“ To teach the young Idea how to shoot,  
“ To pour the fresh Instruction o’er the Mind,  
“ To breathe th’ enlivening Spirit, and to fix  
“ The generous Purpose in the glowing Breast.”

Enjoying the sure Rewards of Honour, Truth, Goodness, and a prudent Choice, thus superlatively happy, live *Philander* and his *Matilda*.—In a Mansion, delightfully situated on the Banks of the Severn, but more valued for its Convenience than for the Stile of the Architecture,

Architecture, they keep up that English Hospitality, which procured for our Forefathers so much Respect and Veneration.—An elegant Sufficiency enables them to do this, and at the same Time to partake of all the Luxuries and Divertisements of Life, that Prudence allows of.—A small, but well chosen Circle of Friends, give a pleasing Variation to their other Enjoyments.—And though they sometimes enter into the great World, they continue in it no longer than serves to give a Relish to their other Enjoyments.—They then return to themselves and to Happiness.—That Portion of their Time which is not applied to useful Concerns, among which they consider an Attention to the general

general Welfare of their Neighbourhood, they devote to rational Relaxations.—Reading, Music, and the polite Arts add roseate Wings to the speeding Hours.

Heaven seems to smile with more than common Benignity on them.—Season finds them happy.—And from the unclouded Sunshine with which the earlier Stages of their Union is gilded, there is little Reason to doubt, but that the Evening of their Days will prove serene and mild;

“ When after the long vernal Day of Life,  
“ Enamour’d more, as more Remembrance swells  
“ With many a Proof of recollected Love,  
“ Together down they sink in social Sleep;  
“ Together freed, their gentle Spirits fly  
“ To Scenes where Love and Bliss immortal  
    reign.”

NUMBER

## NUMBER V.

## THE NIGHT - MARE.

*By FUSELI.*

---

Night's fable Curtain drawn, the Elfin Race  
In wanton Gambols airy Mazes trace ;  
Led by their Mistress, MAB, they sportive stray,  
And lightly trip, where e'er she leads the Way :  
Now through the miry Bog the Clown delude ;  
Now on his Midnight Hours of Rest intrude,  
And just as Fancy bids the Dream excite,  
Dissolve in Pleasure, or awake with Fright.  
Is there a Maid by jealous Cares oppress'd ?  
In hideous Shapes they perch upon her Breast ;  
And as she sleeping lies, securely bind  
In visionary Spells her restless Mind ;  
Her faithless Swain more faithless represent,  
New Doubts awaken, and her Fears augment ;

In



In torpid Streams Life's fanguine Current flows,  
And Sleep no longer gives the wish'd Repose ;  
Till blithe Aurora speaks the coming Day,  
And drives the agonizing Sprites away.

A. B.

---

CLEORA, oppressed by Heat, (for the sultry Dog-Star reigned) but more by Jealousy, reclined on her Bed, a Prey to the restless Agitations which it is in the Power of these Tormentors, even when not in Union, to excite.—Her Sleep is unquiet.—She fancies she sees her beloved *Agathon* sporting with a happy Rival, regardless of his oft-repeated Vows to her.—The agonizing Passion takes full Possession of her Soul.—She darts a Look expressive of the tenderest

tenderest Upbraidings on her Lover, and at the same Time, one full-fraught with Scorn upon the envied Maiden.—With Grief she sees those Glances, which had hitherto never proved ineffectual, fail, like blunted Shafts, of their purposed End.—Agitated by Perturbations to which she has not been accustomed, her lovely Form is writhed into an Attitude invitivè to the Gambols of the Dream-inspiring Elves, who are ever near at Hand, and ready to take Advantage of a disturbed Mind.

The Power of changing their Shape into any other that may better enable them to carry on their midnight Frolicks, is a Property, which, according to the Countess D'Annois, and others, versed  
in

in the *Principia* of this ideal Race, the Fairies are endowed by Nature with. Their Form, as described by these Writers, is beautiful beyond Description. Their Limbs, though diminutive, are fashioned after the same Model as those of Antinous;—the truest Symmetry reigns throughout the whole Frame;—to which is added an Activity that exceeds Belief; for though it is nowhere said that they can extend their Persons much beyond the Dimensions of their usual Bulk, we are well assured they can so far contract themselves, as even to whip through a Key-hole, without brushing off a Particle of the celestial Essence with which they are anointed, or discomposing a Fold of the  
light

light Vesture in which they are arrayed.

Nor are the mental Endowments of these celebrated *Minutiae* less singularly engaging than their external Appearance.—Free, open, lively, debonaire, they are alert in assisting each other, or such Mortals as at once deserve and need their Assistance.—In their Friendships they are sincere and irreproachable; no Views of Interest or Pleasure can induce them to betray a Secret entrusted to their keeping;—tremblingly alive to all the softer Passions, they are no less famed for their Constancy than their Proneness to Love;—and, to conclude the bright Side of their Character, no People can be more duteous and  
loyal



loyal to those by whom they are governed; ever ready to shew their zealous Attachment to *Oberon* and *Mab*, their King and Queen, they strive to anticipate their Wishes;—a Nod sends them to the remotest Regions.

But, alas! no created Beings can boast of Perfection!—These agreeable and valuable Qualities are stained by a Love of Mischief.—Nothing can controul this Propensity.—It might be urged in their Defence, that it does not proceed from a Malevolence of Heart;—from a Wish to hurt;—but merely from a Frolicksomeness of Disposition, and a Love of what is termed by them, as well as by Mortals, *Fun*: The Propensity, however, proceed from what

Cause

Cause it will, must be allowed by the greatest Admirers of the Fairy Race to be censurable, and not a little derogatory to that Purity of Manners they value themselves upon.

How often are loud Peals of Laughter heard by the belated Clown, when Robin Puck in the Shape of a Friar's Lanthorn, after having led him through Bush and through Brake, betrays him into a Pond or Bog; and there leaves him, without one friendly Ray by which he might extricate himself, or find his Way home.—What heartfelt Enjoyment does the Perplexities of the poor bewildered Peasant afford them!—Their silver Notes trill along the Bosom of the silent Night, and are plainly heard, it  
is

is said, by the luckless Object of their Merriment.

How often!—But having sufficiently described the Disposition and Powers of these invisible Wags, let us return to the sleeping *Cleora*, whom the sportive Imagination of the Artist, justly celebrated for his Representation of Scenes of this Nature, has placed in a Situation which must alarm the compassionate Apprehensions of every susceptible Beholder.

Around her are gathered a Band of roguish Elves, in hideous Masquerades, all prepared to sport with and augment the imagined Distress of the jealous Maiden. Upon her lovely Bosom (a

Throne whereon the God of soft Desires himself might reign and revel,) sits a short ill-shaped Elf, who at the same Time that he endeavours by a fancied Pressure to stop the due Circulation of the Blood, presents his terrific Form to her mental View, and adds fresh Perturbation to a Mind already too much agitated.—Another, habited in the Semblance of the oft-seen Night-Mare's Head, stretches over the Bed, and fixing on the affrighted fair One his goggle Eyes, accelerates the concerted Plan;—while a Croud of ghastly Forms lend their Aid, in different Ways, to compleat the terrifying Scene;—all inwardly chuckling at the temporary Horrors they are creating.

The



The Slumbers of *Richard* when the Ghosts of those he had sacrificed to his Ambition appear before him in his Tent, could not be more perturbed, (the convulsive Writings of Guilt excepted,) than were those of *Cleora*, while under the Influence of the wicked Wights that furrounded her.—The Visions of the Night are not under the Controul of Reason.—Though securely enveloped in the drowsy Spells of the Poppy-crowned God, the Scene appears as real to the distressed Damsel, and her Feelings are full as poignant, as if she was awake.

She strives to get rid of the Load that oppresses her, but her Struggles are ineffectual.—She attempts to make known her Situation by repeated Shrieks, but

her Tongue refuses to obey the Impulse of the Mind, and she is unable to form one Sound that might procure the needed Help.—Her Agitations increase.—Her unwelcome Visitants appear more hideous, and nearly gigantic.—The Weight seems to increase;—and almost stops Respiration.—Terrified by the impending Danger, she makes another Effort,—and is successful.—The Shriek that had long been formed, bursts with Violence from her Tongue, and echoes through the House.—Nor is it till her Companions gather round her, that she can believe her Escape to be real.

A Signal from the Herald of the  
of the Morn, (which the boldest Sprite  
dares

dares not disobey) more than the Struggles of Cleora, had occasioned this sudden Retreat of her invisible Tormentors. Delighted with the Frolick of the Night, they now re-assume their natural Shapes, and hasten away to give their King and Queen an Account of the Adventure.

As soon as the Companions of the affrighted Maiden had assembled round her Bed, they asked what had occasioned the Shriek which so suddenly roused them from their Sleep. But the only Answer they received was, "Where am I?"—"Is it really you, my Anna, that I see?"—"Is this your Hand I touch, Belinda?"—"Do I live!"—"Am I awake!"—

In such unconnected Sentences did Cleora for a Time express the Doubts and Fears impressed upon her Mind by the visionary Scene; but at length, Reason having re-assumed its Throne, she thus, with the more Composure, addressed her fair Companions. “Be-  
 “ ware, my dear Friends, beware of  
 “ Jealousy. Having made your Choice  
 “ with Prudence and Discretion, har-  
 “ bour not afterwards a Doubt of your  
 “ Lover’s Truth.—For this I fear I have  
 “ been punished.—I have had such a  
 “ Dream!”—“O then,” cried Belinda,  
 “ I see Queen Mab has been with you,  
 “ as Mercutio says, or some of her  
 “ *petite Train, en Masquerade.*” “I  
 “ wished they had chosen more pleasing



Dresses for the Purpose," returned Cleora, "for uglier ones were surely  
" never exhibited. — What hideous  
" Forms! — I shudder at the Recollection. — They are still before my Sight.  
" — Nay, laugh not, my dear Girls. —  
" The Night-Mare's goggle-Eyes stared  
" full in mine. — An ugly Imp sat perching  
" on my Breast, and almost stopped  
" my Breath." — "With Kisses?" archly interrupted Anna. "He must have  
" been an impudent Elf, indeed," added Belinda, "to perch on such a heavenly  
" Spot, only to give Pain." — "'Tis  
" true, however," replied Cleora with a sweet Simplicity, "I hope I shall  
" never be so pressed again!" — "Not  
" by such an ugly Imp, I suppose you

“ mean, Cleora,” rejoined Anna ; “ but  
“ pray tell us what occasioned the Cau-  
“ tion against Jealousy you just now  
“ gave us, and seemed to lay so much  
“ Strefs upon ?”

“ You must know, then,” returned  
Cleora, “ it was whispered to me Yester-  
“ day, that my Agathon had been seen,  
“ the Night before, at Vauxhall, in  
“ earnest Conversation with that cele-  
“ brated Beauty, Miss H——, Daugh-  
“ ter of Colonel H——. And though  
“ this Meeting might be nothing more  
“ than an accidental *Rencontre*, and his  
“ Conversation not exceed the Bounds  
“ of good Breeding, yet I must own  
“ to you, my dear Friends, that some  
“ jealous Apprehensions would arise in  
“ my

“ my Bosom.—Nor could I totally di-  
 “ vest myself of them when I laid my  
 “ Head last Night on this Pillow.—  
 “ The Consequence of which was,  
 “ that my earliest Dreams were not un-  
 “ tinctured with Jealousy.—I did not  
 “ even spare to upbraid, in my Sleep,  
 “ both my Lover, and my imagined  
 “ Rival.—And as you know we are  
 “ told that the Sylphs, Gnomes, Fai-  
 “ ries, or whatever you are pleased to  
 “ call them, are ever on the Watch to  
 “ amuse themselves with the Perturba-  
 “ tions of Mortals, I have no Doubt  
 “ but some of these invisible Beings,  
 “ perceiving my restless Situation, took  
 “ Delight in augmenting it, at once to  
 “ punish me for admitting a Doubt of

“ the Fidelity of my Lover, and to  
“ gratify their Propensity to trouble  
“ and perplex poor sleeping Mortals.”

“ And to these Vagaries,” cried Be-  
linda, “ are we obliged for being awa-  
“ kened from a comfortable Sleep !—  
“ A short, squat, ill-looking Elf, for-  
“ sooth, perched G—d knows where ;  
“ and a Horse’s Head, with a Pair of  
“ large goggle Eyes, staring you out of  
“ Countenance !—Good lack !—good  
“ lack !—good lack !—Believe me, my  
“ dear Girl, the Brain of the Knight  
“ of La Mancha was not more dis-  
“ ordered by reading Stories of Chi-  
“ valry, than thine is by the Perusal  
“ of Tales of Genii, Fairies, Sylphs,  
“ Gnomes, &c. &c. To-morrow, out  
of



“ of pure Friendship, we will do by thy  
 “ Library, as the Barber and Curate  
 “ did by that of Don Quixote ; burn  
 “ every Book in it which treats of the  
 “ infatuating Subject. And so *bon soir*,  
 “ if that Salutation may be permitted.  
 “ at three o’Clock in the Morning.”

Having said this, away tripped Belinda  
 and her Companion, laughing at the  
 Credulity of their Friend, and wondering  
 that she could suffer such idle Phantoms  
 to disturb for a Moment the Tranquil-  
 lity of her Mind : While Cleora, per-  
 suaded that she had really seen the Beings  
 she had described to them, and that she  
 had incurred their Displeasure by enter-  
 taining unjust Doubts of her Lover’s  
 Fidelity, again laid her Head on her  
 F 5 Pillow,

Pillow, in hopes to obtain, by impressing her Mind with more favourable Sentiments of him, more quiet and refreshing Slumbers; and, as Aurora now began to illumine her Chamber, without being apprehensive of a Return, at least for the present, of her invisible Persecutors.



NUMBER

NUMBER VI.

THE PROPAGATION OF A LIE.

By BUNBURY.

---

Swift as the nimble-pinion'd Dove can fly,  
Speeds its expansive Course, the slanderous Lie.

A. B.

---

"**F**RRIEND," said a Quaker to One  
who attempted to impose a  
Falsehood upon him, "thou speakest  
"the Thing that is not."—Had the  
Person to whom this was said, possessed  
one Spark of Susceptibility or Honour,  
a Retort so pointed would have crim-

soned o'er his Cheek, and prevented him from ever speaking again *the Thing that is not*. But it made no Impression. Philanthus had so long *turned a deaf Ear*, as one may say, to the Whispers of Truth, that he had either lost all Conception of the Difference between that and Falsehood, or thought the Distinction scarcely worth attending to. As Interest dictated, and the Circumstances of the Moment required, so Philanthus spoke. Whether true or false, was, as either appeared to be the most conducive to his Purposes.

Though every Deviation from the strait Line of Truth is a Breach of the divine Laws; and, were a proper Attention paid to the Consequences of that Deviation,



Deviation, would seldom be found to have forwarded the Views of the Person so deviating; yet so indulgent are the World in general to Errors of this Nature, that many Kinds of Lies rather excite Laughter than Censure.

Without entering into a Consideration of the various Species into which a Lie, now a Days, may be divided and subdivided, I shall confine myself to that Sort, which the Artist so highly ridicules in the Print before us; viz. *the Propagation of a Piece of Scandal for which there is no just Foundation.* But, as Lies of this Kind frequently owe their Origin to Misapprehension; to an Incident exaggerated; or to an humorous Impromptu; and even, when pur-  
 posely

posely invented to prejudice the Person scandalized, the intentional Guilt is confined to the first Propagator, I shall, as the Artist has done, rather *ridicule* it as a *Folly* than *lass* it as a *Vice*.

To give a greater Zest to my Explanation of the humorous Caricature before us, let us suppose the LIE here propagated to be a *political* Lie; and the Lie of the Day, about the Commencement of the Month of February, in the present Year, 1789.

“ Mr. *Fox* is gone to Bath in Dis-  
 “ gust,” cries *Philanthus* to *Gyges*, as  
 he met him in Pall-Mall.—“ Disgust!  
 “ what! when! why! wherefore!” ex-  
 claimed *Gyges*, all in a Breath.—“ He  
 “ has

“ has lost the Favour of the Prince,”  
 continued *Philanthus*.—“ It cannot be,”  
 said *Gyges*, “ the Prince cannot be such  
 “ a ——” “ It is too true, however,”  
 interrupted *Philanthus*, and thereby pre-  
 vented *Gyges* from making Use of an  
 Appellation not quite suited to Roy-  
 alty.—“ What has occasioned so un-  
 “ expected a Breach?” asked *Gyges*,  
 with less Warmth.—“ Some say,” re-  
 plied *Philanthus*, “ that his Bosom  
 “ Friend Mr. S—— has supplanted  
 “ him in the Prince’s Esteem ;—others  
 “ say, that a certain Lady, who shall  
 “ be nameless, but who, between you  
 “ and me, (here he whispered) is pretty  
 “ well known to rule the Roast at  
 “ C——n-House, has taken Offence, at  
 6 “ something

“ something Mr. *Fox* had said.” — “ Well,  
“ be it from whatever Cause it will,”  
returned *Gyges*, “ I foresee that it will  
“ hurt our Cause, if it be true.” — “ I’ll  
“ pledge my Credit that it is true,”  
cried *Philantbus*; “ Lord D——, who,  
“ you know, has the Ear of the Prince,  
“ just now informed me of it; but as  
“ his Lordship imparted it to me under  
“ the Seal of Secrefy, you must be as  
“ secret as the Grave.” — “ Depend up-  
“ on me,” said *Gyges*, as he took his  
Leave, “ *tace* shall be the Word.”

*Gyges*, however, had no sooner left  
his Informant, than he fell in with  
*Fabricius*; and notwithstanding he knew  
that *Fabricius* entertained no very fa-  
vourable Opinion of the Whig Party,  
though



though in other Respects they were upon good Terms, so burthensome was the Secret to him, that forgetting the Injunctions of *Philanthus*, he instantly accosted him with, “ D’ye hear the News, “ *Fabricius* ? ”

“ What News ? ” replied *Fabricius*.—  
 “ Mr. *Fox* is gone to Bath, ” said *Gyges*.—“ So I hear, ” returned *Fabricius* ;  
 “ he is ill, I find. ”—“ Ill, indeed ! ” exclaimed *Gyges*,—“ I thought you knew  
 “ more of the World ! Don’t you know  
 “ there is such a Disorder as *political*  
 “ Illness ? At this critical Juncture,  
 “ when the Interests of his Prince and  
 “ his Party are at Stake, the Complaint  
 “ must be violent indeed that would  
 “ oblige him to desert them.—No, no,  
 “ *Fabricius*,

“ *Fabricius*, believe me it is neither the  
 “ Strangury, nor the Diabetes, nor a  
 “ Diarrhœa, nor an Asthma, nor the  
 “ Struma, that drives him from Town.”  
 “ —“ What then,” enquired *Fabricius*,  
 “ can have occasioned this sudden and  
 “ ill-timed Retreat of *the Man of the*  
 “ *People* ?” —“ All is not right over  
 “ the Way,” replied *Gyges*, pointing to  
 “ Carlton Palace.” —“ Not right there!”  
 said *Fabricius* ; “ I thought he had been  
 “ the Prince’s *Factotum*, as well as the  
 “ Life and Soul of the Whigs.” —“ He  
 “ once was,” replied *Gyges*, “ but  
 “ Things are altered there now.” —  
 “ How altered ? speak freely, *Gyges*,”  
 cried *Fabricius*. —“ May I depend upon  
 “ your Secresy ?” said *Gyges*. —“ The  
 “ Dumb

"Dumb shall not be more silent," said *Fabricius*.—"Know then," whispered *Gyges*, "that the Prince has discarded him, and he is set off, in Dudgeon, for Bath."—"Upon what Account," exclaimed *Fabricius*.—"I see you are going my Way," said *Gyges*, "and relying upon your Promise of Secrecy, I will inform you, as we go along, of the Particulars."

*Fabricius* had not parted from *Gyges* many Minutes before he met with *Euphorbus*; and knowing him to be a red-hot Foxite, thus, in the Exultation of his Heart, addressed him;—"So, *Euphorbus*! it is all over with you and your Party, I find!"—"How so?" replied *Euphorbus*.—"The Prince,

“ Prince, I hear, has forbidden your  
 “ *Idol* his Presence,” continued *Fabri-*  
*cus*. “ And that you and the rest of  
 “ your Party may be kept in the Dark  
 “ relative to an Event so damning to  
 “ your Cause, Mr. *F.* pretends to be  
 “ ill, and is set off for Bath, under Pre-  
 “ tence of using the Waters, for the  
 “ Recovery of his Health.”

“ 'Tis all a Lie, by G—d,” cried  
*Euphorbus*.—“ The great political Ta-  
 “ lents, and true Revolutionary Princi-  
 “ ples of *our Idol*, as you call him, are  
 “ too well known to the Prince, and too  
 “ much valued, ever to be thrown  
 “ off. Besides, his Support is so essen-  
 “ tial to his royal Highness, at this cri-  
 “ tical Juncture, that he cannot do  
 “ without



“ without him. So I tell you ’tis all  
 “ a Hum.”—“ As to the Whys and  
 “ the Wherefores, I will not say much  
 “ about them,” says *Fabricius*; “ but  
 “ the Truth of the Fact, I can vouch  
 “ for; as I had it from *Gyges*, who had  
 “ it from *Philanthus*, who had it from  
 “ Lord D——, who was present when  
 “ the *Fracas* happened.”

“ Notwithstanding this regularly  
 “ traced Intelligence,” cried *Euphorbus*,  
 “ I scarcely know how to believe it.  
 “ But if it be true, let some Folks  
 “ look to themselves. Should the Mi-  
 “ nister bind ever so fast, not a Finger  
 “ will we move to set him free. And  
 “ so good Day t’ye, *Fabricius*, for I am  
 “ rather in haste.”

*Euphorbus*

*Euphorbus* had scarcely parted from *Fabricius*, when *Clytus*, another Partizan of Mr. Fox came by; whom *Fabricius* also accosted with "So your Cause is quite ruined, I hear!"—"The Devil it is!" returned *Clytus*, "How so, pray?"—"I need not inform you," said *Fabricius*, "that your great Man is decamped."—"You need not," replied *Clytus*; "he is gone to Bath, being very ill."—"You are not in the Secret, I find," said *Fabricius*.—"Not in the Secret!" exclaimed *Clytus*, "what Secret? I was with him about an Hour before he set off."—"That may be, and yet not know the Occasion of his going," replied *Fabricius*.—"Zounds, Man," vociferated *Clytus*,  
"Illness,

“ Illness, I tell you, was the Cause, and  
 “ the only Cause, of his going.”—But  
 “ what Kind of Illness, *Clytus*,” rejoined  
*Fabricius*. “ There is a natural Illness, and  
 “ there is a political Illness.”—“ But his,  
 “ I tell you,” said *Clytus*, “ is a natural,  
 “ a real, a bodily Illness, acquired by  
 “ his Attention to, and Exertions for,  
 “ the Good of his Country.”—“ The  
 “ Good of *Self and Co.*” retorted *Fa-*  
*bricius*.—“ None of your Sneers, *Fabri-*  
*cus*, I suppose you mean by *Co.* him  
 “ on whom the Hopes of the Nation  
 “ are fixed. He who has a true, and  
 “ the only Right to the Government of  
 “ the Kingdom during his Father’s Ma-  
 “ lady, and whose Virtues entitle him  
 “ to it.”—“ Right, indeed!” cried  
*Fabricius*;

*Fabricius*; "hereditary, indefeasible Right,

"I suppose? A Doctrine that lost

"Charles the First his Head; and, I

"fear, will lose the Man of the People

"his boasted Popularity."—"Is not that

"Right, and are not his Pretensions, as

"clear as the Sun?" returned *Clytus*.—

"Yes, with the Consent of the Parlia-

"ment," said *Fabricius*; "with the

"Approbation of the Representatives

"of the People; not else! Did King

"William receive his Crown, upon the

"Abdication of James, by any other

"Right?"—"That is not a similar

"Point," returned *Clytus*, with greater

— Warmth. "Nor indeed is there any

"Precedent to be found, that is perfectly

"applicable to it. As the royal

"Representation



“ Representation is supposed never to be  
 “ extinct, the Successor, if of mature  
 “ Years, of course steps in, or *ought* to  
 “ step in, in order to prevent a momen-  
 “ tary Suspension of the regal Power.”—  
 “ If,” returned *Fabricius*, (punning on  
 the Word *Right*,) “ the Lords and  
 “ Commons think it *right* to approve of  
 “ that *Right*, there is certainly no One  
 “ has a greater *Right*. This, however,  
 “ the Constitution requires.—And even  
 “ then, the Regent should not be vested  
 “ with that *Right*, without Restrictions.”  
 “—Damn your Restrictions !” retorted  
*Clytus*—“ Let the Prince but once get  
 “ firmly seated in the imperial Saddle,  
 “ and a Fig for all your Restrictions.—  
 “ But we wander from the Point, *Fa-*  
 Vol. I. G “ *bricius*.

“ *bricius*. You seemed to hint that a  
“ certain Person’s Journey to Bath was  
“ not occasioned by any bodily Com-  
“ plaint. Pray tell me, what is the  
“ real Occasion of it, as you are in the  
“ Secret?”—“ Have you not heard?”—  
“ Not I indeed!”—“ Then if you  
“ must know,” said *Fabricius*, “ the  
“ Prince, the very Prince whose Cause  
“ that certain Person and all his Par-  
“ tizans so blindly and so violently  
“ espouse, looks cool upon him already.”  
“ —May I depend upon what you say?”  
“ You may indeed, *Clytus*, I had it, a  
“ few Minutes ago, from the Spring-  
“ Head.”—“ And upon what Account?”  
“ There are various Causes assigned for  
“ it,” returned *Fabricius*, “ but the  
“ chief

“ chief and most probable is, that his  
“ dearly beloved Friend, the Man after  
“ his own Heart, has superseded him  
“ in the good Opinion of the Prince,  
“ and ousted him from holding the first  
“ Place in the Prince’s Favour.” “ It  
“ can never be !” exclaimed *Clytus*.—  
“ But it is very true,” proceeded *Fa-*  
*bricius*. “ That Blaze of Oratory which  
“ he lately displayed, when he so be-  
“ mauled poor Hastings, and took the  
“ Part, with so much Animation, of  
“ the Lady Begums, has, it is said, so  
“ dazzled the Prince, that nothing is  
“ right but what the Orator advises,  
“ nothing can be wrong that the Ora-  
“ tor approves.—And you pretty well  
“ know, *Clytus*, that this same Orator,

“ either in his dramatic, theatrical, or  
“ political Capacity, like the Head of  
“ the Turkish Empire, ‘ can bear no  
“ younger Brother near the Throne.”  
“ The Consequence has been, that the  
“ Reception of your Idol at Carlton-  
“ House, through this Prejudice, and  
“ certain well-timed Insinuations, has  
“ been rather cool, of late ; so, to save  
“ his Credit, and to be out of the Way,  
“ till Things take a different Turn, he  
“ is gone to Bath, *very ill*.”—“ It can  
“ never be !” replied *Clytus*. “ I see  
“ you are endeavouring to *hum* me,  
“ *Fabricius* ! and so your humble Ser-  
“ vant.”—Having said this, *Clytus*  
walked off.

Notwith-



Notwithstanding *Clytus* had thus affected to disbelieve the News *Fabricius* had told him, yet it carried with it such an Air of Probability, that he could not eradicate the Impression it had made upon his Mind. So that meeting *Nicor*, who he knew was as zealous in the Blue and Buff Cause as himself, he ran up to him, and imparted the Secret with all the Energy and Warmth, his Affection for the Cause inspired.

*Nicor*, who was a Man of strong Passions, and of a more irascible Disposition than *Clytus*, swore not a little upon hearing the Intelligence.—Now he gave Credit to it;—now he doubted it;—now he anathematized the supposed Cause of his Patron's Disgrace;—now he threat-

ened ;—now he cursed. Both, however, lamented the Effect it must have upon the Cause they espoused. “ *Divide et impera,*” exclaimed *Nicor*, “ has always been the Maxim of the Tories ; and they have now had Recourse to it with, I fear, too much Success.”

*Clytus* and *Nicor* had not long parted, before the latter met with *Polydore*. Knowing him to be strongly attached to the Minister ; and willing to learn whether the Report he had just heard was got abroad, he asked him what News ?—“ Great News !” replied *Polydore* ; “ Dissensions have taken Place among your Party, I find.”—“ So I hear,” cried *Nicor*, “ but cannot believe it.” “ It is very true, however,” continued  
*Polydore.*

*Polydore.* “ What else was to be ex-  
 “ pected from Men whose political  
 “ Friendships are founded on such an  
 “ unfirm Basis ? ” — “ And pray Mr.  
 “ *Polydore,*” said *Nicor*, with some De-  
 gree of Warmth, “ what have you to  
 “ say against the Prince and his Adhe-  
 “ rents ? Who has so great a Right  
 “ to the Regency as his royal High-  
 “ ness ? Or where could he meet with  
 “ better Advisers than he has about  
 “ him ? ” “ If he was not quite so  
 “ profuse,” replied *Polydore*, “ nor his  
 “ Adherents quite so necessitous, it  
 “ would be better for themselves and  
 “ the Nation.—Prince Hal, with his  
 “ Falstaff, Bardolph, Poins, *et cetera*,  
 “ to a Hair !—The Reformation, upon

“ an Elevation to Empire, rather more  
“ uncertain.—Pretty Fellows, truly, to  
“ be trusted either with the private  
“ Fortune or public Revenues of a  
“ great Personage, whose unhappy Ma-  
“ lady every good Subject and honest  
“ Man sincerely laments !”—“ As pro-  
“ per Persons, I trow,” replied *Nicor*,  
reddening like an enraged Cock Tur-  
key, “ as your immaculate, heaven-  
“ born Minister, and the Butean Clan  
“ by whom he is governed ! A Shred  
“ of a Minister, who takes upon him-  
“ self the Merit of an increased na-  
“ tional Revenue, when, it is well  
“ known, he only carries into Execu-  
“ tion the Plans which were laid by his  
“ Predecessors in Office !—Plans, that  
“ must



“ must ripen, and prove more and more  
“ productive by a Continuance of Peace!  
“ A Minister, who is raising up a  
“ Phantom, unknown to the Consti-  
“ tution, in order to invest the Prince  
“ with the Regency, when it might be  
“ done in a plain constitutional Way!  
“ —A Man, (if he can be called a  
“ *Man*, being yet a Boy) who has a  
“ Soul no bigger than a Nutmeg! Who  
“ was never known to reward Merit, or  
“ to do one generous Action!—A Man,  
“ who, because he has not the Passions  
“ of a Man, would forsooth pass that  
“ *Sang froid* upon the World for Chas-  
“ tity and an Abhorrence of the Vices  
“ of the Age!—A proud, supercilious,  
“ insolent,” —

As *Nicor* was thus rising in the Climax of his Abuse and Scurrility, the Heavens suddenly lowered, and the big Drops began to pelt the Heads of the enraged Politicians. This fortunate Circumstance put a Stop to an Altercation which otherwise might have terminated in a Walk to Hyde-Park.

As they had stood, during their Conversation, near the End of Pall-Mall, towards Cockspur-Street, *Nicor* took Refuge from the Rain in the Shop of the patriotic Father of Westminster, the Patriarch of his Party, muttering, as he left his Antagonist, in broken Sentences, of undue Restrictions ;—King's Person ;—Seven Millions ;—German Relations ;—Madam Schwellenburgh ;

burgh;—Pounds, Shillings, Pence, and Farthings, &c. &c.

*Polydore*, in his Turn, muttered somewhat about private Marriage;—reputed Papist;—low Amusements;—Gaming;—necessitous Crew;—and then posted on, with all Speed, to find Shelter in the House of some Person, whose political Sentiments were more correspondent to his own, than those of the venerable *Mr. House*.

In the foregoing Manner did these political Champions vent their party Prejudices against each other; many of which were perhaps as ill-founded as the Report that had occasioned them. And as soon as the Rain had abated, they

set out again to unburthen themselves of the Secret to the first of their Acquaintance they should meet.

And thus, expanding as it went, did this political Lie of the Day, alias, Report founded on Conjecture, make its Way from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, agreeable to the humourous Representation of the ingenious Artist, sometimes received with Astonishment;—sometimes with Satisfaction;—sometimes with Displeasure;—now believed;—now doubted;—now denied;—according to the Complexion, Humour, Disposition, and political Sentiments, of the Narrator and the Hearer. Till, at length, it evaporated into Air, as Thousands, and  
tens



tens of Thousands, of Lies, of the  
same mushroom Nature, fabricated to  
answer particular Purposes, annually  
do.



## NUMBER VII.

## SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

By *S M I R K E.*

---

A latent Spark, if you the Blast pursue,  
May once again the Lamp of Life renew.

*A. B.*

---

**T**HE Plates referred to, at the same Time that they display the Ingenuity of the Artist, tend to promote one of the most laudable Institutions any Country could ever boast of. The Benefits resulting from it, have been too extensive, and are too well known,

to

to need any blazoning here.—The noble Patronage and generous Support it receives, at once speak its Utility, and serve as an Incentive to a further Extension of its benign Purposes. And while that Humanity and Charity which at present make so conspicuous a Trait in the Character of a Briton, shall exist, the HUMANE SOCIETY cannot want for Patronage and Support.

Though the original Projectors of this laudable and beneficial Institution, *Doctor Lettsom* and *Doctor Hawes*, need not the Aid either of the Pencil or the Pen to immortalize their Names, the Remembrance of their Services being engraven in indelible Characters on the  
Hearts

Hearts of many Hundreds, who owe their Restoration to Life and Usefulness to them; and through whom they will be handed down with Honour and Respect, from Generation to Generation, as long as the white Cliffs of Britain shall tower above the surrounding Waves; yet the happy Resemblance of those Gentlemen, whose Portraits the ingenious Artist has placed among his imaginary Group, may tend to enliven that Gratitude, and excite a Zeal for the Institution, whenever they meet the Eye.

And happy shall the Writer of these Explanations esteem himself, if this Token of Respect, from one who personally

ally



ally knows their Worth, should conduce to perpetuate a Fame so deserved. Their Names, he trusts, will not be degraded, by being found among the Effusions of Susceptibility in this miscellaneous Collection of amusing and instructive Flights.

# PLATE I.

*The Body of a young Man taken out of the Water, apparently dead, in the Sight of his distressed Parents.*

An Accident, to which those who frequent the watery Element, or reside near it, are perpetually liable, has immersed a Youth in its suffocating Streams, and suspended Animation. Realized by the Pencil of the Artist,

we

we see the lifeless Body borne towards the Shore.

On the Verge of the Shore kneels the aged Father, ready to receive his lost Son.—What contending Passions are depicted on his venerable Countenance!—The apprehensive Doubt, excited by the first Alarm of the Accident, has given Way to a more dreadful Certainty.—The Sight of the pallid Body has extinguished every Hope.—Despair has taken Possession of his Features.—So that the Supplications his Affection dictates, scarcely rise into Words; convinced by the Scene before him of their Inefficacy, they burst like Bubbles, as they break from the palpitating Heart.

Lamentations

Lamentations succeed.—“ Oh my Son !  
 “ my Son ! ” cries the sorrowing old  
 Man, with a Fervour little short of that  
 with which the dejected King of Israel  
 bewailed the Death of his Son Absalom,  
 “ would I had died before I had seen  
 “ this wretched Hour ! ” — “ Cold ! life-  
 “ less ! gone for ever ! ” exclaimed he,  
 as he received the Body, and clasped it  
 in his aged Arms.—“ How shall I miss  
 “ thy needful Labours towards the  
 “ Support of myself and thy waning  
 “ Mother ! — I had pleased myself with  
 “ seeing thee the Staff of my old Age,  
 “ and experiencing thy duteous Atten-  
 “ tion, when my Eyes shall be dim,  
 “ and my Hands infirm.—But, alas !  
 “ these Hopes are now blasted.—Let  
 “ me

“ me not, however, repine!—It is the  
“ Will of God, and his Will be done.—  
“ I will not add impious Murmurs to  
“ unavailing Sorrow.”

In this Manner did the Father bemoan the afflictive Visitation. At a little Distance behind him, we see the Mother approaching the fatal Spot.—The Shock is more than she can bear.—Overwhelmed by the Sight, she faints in the Arms of one of her Sons, while the younger female Branches of her Family cling round her in Tears.

Extinguished Hope, and irremediable Despondency, reign throughout the whole Scene.—Let us turn our Eyes to one more pleasing.

PLATE.



## P L A T E II.

*The young Man restored to Life.*

The Efforts of the godlike Men have been successful.—The vital Heat had retreated to the Heart's Core, and was on the Point of taking its Flight for ever; but roused from its Covert by the revivifying Means adopted by the Society, it once more expands throughout the whole Frame.—The clay-cold Youth is restored to Life, and to the Duties of his Station.

The Mother, introduced by *Doctor Lettsom*, one of his Preservers, beholds with Wonder the unexpected Reverse; and Joy once more sparkles in her Eye,

as her re-animated Child is presented to her by *Doctor Hawes*.

The Father throws himself on his Knees, in a Transport of Gratitude ; and while he offers up a Tribute of grateful Acknowledgments to the Great *First Cause* of his present Happiness, annexes to them the most fervent Supplications for the temporal and eternal Welfare of the *secondary Causes* of his Son's Restoration.

Pleasure is likewise depicted on the Countenance of the young Men who stand by, and who have lent their readiest Exertions for the Recovery of their nearly lost Companion. With  
Smiles

Smiles they welcome him to Life, and  
look with Veneration on his Preservers.

What Satisfaction must those, who,  
under Heaven, have been the Instru-  
ments of producing this joyful Scene,  
reap from a Reviewal of it!—How ac-  
ceptable to them must the grateful  
Offerings of this now happy Family be!  
—The sweetest Perfumes of *Arabia*,  
arising in balmy Clouds from a golden  
Censer, could not afford a more delight-  
ful Incense.—Nor is this refreshing  
Incense confined to the immediate Dis-  
pensers of the beneficial Purposes of  
the Society; he who contributes but  
his ready Mite towards the Furtherance  
of them, partakes, in a Degree, of the  
grateful Odour.—Though, like the  
exhaled

exhaled Vapour, it may ascend in a massive Column ; yet, as that, depressed by the weightier Atmosphere, stilly creeps on till it reaches the Summit of the neighbouring Hills, so this pervades the Bosom of the humblest *Confrere*.

Thus has the Painter displayed the good Effects of this humane Institution, and at the same Time his own Skill in the imitative Art.

I shall conclude this Article with an ODE, which I presented to the Society on their anniversary Feast, in the Year 1781. When written, it was intended to have been set to Musick, and performed immediately after the Removal of the Dinner ; at which Time it is customary



customary for all those who have been preserved from an untimely Death by Means of the Institution, during the preceeding Year, to walk in solemn Procession round the Room. At the Moment of their Entrance the Ode is supposed to begin.

---

A N O D E,

FOR THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

FULL CHORUS.—SOLO TENOR VOICE.

TURN, ye Humane!—Oh turn and view

This long extended Train :

Accept their Thanks, so justly due,

Accept this grateful Strain.

VOL. I.

H

CHORUS.

## CHORUS.

Their Powers restor'd, by your kind Aid,  
 To you, next Heav'n, their earliest Thanks be  
 paid.

## RECITATIVE.—TENOR VOICE.

Since your last festal Day,  
 How many had been snatch'd away ;  
 How many had resign'd their Breath,  
*Surpriz'd* by the grim Tyrant Death ;  
 And now had lain in an untimely Grave,  
 But for YOUR Skill and Readiness to save,

## AIR.

See ! where o'erwhelm'd, by Accident,  
 Within the wat'ry Element,

A hapless Victim lies !—

See how he strives the Shore to gain !—

His utmost Efforts are in vain.—

He faints ;—he sinks ;—he dies.—

## RECITATIVE

## RECITATIVE.—BASS VOICE.

He dies?—Oh no!—  
Ye bid the ruthless King his Prize forego;—  
And straight, with pious Care,  
To counteract his fell Designs, prepare.  
Unwearied you employ each renovating Art,  
And shield the breathless Corse from his uplifted  
Dart.

## FULLER ACCOMPANYMENT.

Success at length your skilful Toil attends;  
The near-extinguish'd Flame again revives;  
The Blood begins to flow, the Pulse to beat;  
Through the whole Frame there glows a gen'rous  
Heat;  
“ See!” you exulting cry, “ He lives! he lives!”  
“ He lives, he lives,” re-echo back his Friends.—  
The disappointed Monarch stalks away,  
And quits reluctantly his rescued Prey.

## AIR.—TWO VOICES.

With what extatic Joy, restor'd to Life,  
The rescu'd Victim presses to his Breast,  
His tender Offspring and his faithful Wife,  
In this unhop'd Reverse supremely blest ;  
Whilst all, in murm'ring Accents, raise  
A grateful Tribute to YOUR Praise,

## CHORUS OF MEN.

To theirs, on this your festal Day,  
Be added our responsive Lay.

## CHORUS OF WOMEN.

While we, who of your Goodness share,  
In shriller Notes your Skill declare.

## CHORUS OF BOYS.

Our youthful Tongues shall sing your Praise,  
And bless you for our lengthen'd Days.

FULL



PAINTING PERSONIFIED. 149

FULL CHORUS.

And thus united shall our Voices rise,  
Until our grateful Transports reach the Skies.

AIR.—TENOR VOICE.

Britons, kind as well as free,  
Were ever fam'd for CHARITY.  
From them the Sick, the Lame, the Blind,  
Could a secure Asylum find :  
They joy to ease the parient Throe,  
And lessen ev'ry human Woe :—  
But, to restore exhausted Breath ;  
To rescue from the Grasp of Death ;  
And boast of Numbers so preserv'd ;  
For YOU was this GREAT WORK reserv'd.

FULL CHORUS.

For which your Names will long recorded stand,  
Among the Worthies of this favour'd Land.

150 PAINTING PERSONIFIED.

AIR.—TENOR VOICE.

First of Virtues! Heav'n-born Guest!  
On Earth yclep'd HUMANITY!  
Be thy lov'd Abode, each Breast  
Of this *thy own* Society.  
Source of true Felicity!  
From thee what heartfelt Pleasures flow!  
How sweet to soften human Woe!  
Solid Pleasure, real Treasure,  
Spring from thee, HUMANITY.

DUET.—TENOR AND BASS VOICES.

Solid Pleasure, real Treasure,  
Spring from thee, HUMANITY.

FULL CHORUS.

First of Virtues! Heav'n-born Guest!  
&c. &c.

NUMBER

NUMBER VIII.

EVENING; OR, THE MAN  
OF FEELING.

By B U N B U R Y.

---

The plainest Sentence may imply  
More than at first shall meet the Eye.

A. B.

---

FROM the humorous Print referred  
to, we learn, that what we term  
*Feeling*, does not always mean, accord-  
ing to its common Acceptation, a ten-  
der, sympathizing Attention to the Mis-  
fortunes of others; but that it is a

H 4. *fundamental*

*fundamental* Principle in ourselves, which confines our Attention to *ourselves only*; and instead of requiring an Exertion of the humane and charitable Propensities to give Ease to the painful Excitations occasioned by it, needs only the Aid of a little *white Diachylon*, spread on a convenient Quantity of Linen or Leather.

So that according to the Painter's *nouvelle* depicted Syllogism, he who from the continual Friction created by a jolting Horse, finds, after a long Ride, the cutaneous Covering of the Part which has been in Contact with the Saddle displaced, and a troublesome Irritation brought on thereby, may as well lay Claim to the enviable Title of a *Man of Feeling*,



*Feeling*, as he who, when he hears a Tale of Woe, or sees an Instance of it, perceives the pearly Drop, impregnated with Compassion, starting from his Eye, and is not at Ease till he has contributed all in his Power towards the Relief of the Sufferer.

The Novelty of the Thought, and Humour of the Design, compensate for the Oddity of the Tenet. It would, however, require the acuteſt Argument of that acute Arguer, *Mr. Shandy*, to prove that a *chaffed Backside* constitutes *the Man of Feeling*.

In the Characters are likewise exhibited, with an equal Degree of Humour, the Weariness and Drowsiness attendant on a

Day's hard Riding. A Situation somewhat irksome, but which is amply repaid by an almost sure Succession of a sound and refreshing Sleep.—A Sleep enjoyed with a Glee unknown to the Idle and the Sedentary, who court in vain the somniferous Inspirations of the Poppy-crowned God.

This tired Party consists of Three of the principal Tradesmen of a manufacturing Town in the North of England, on their Way to London to take Orders. He whose Boots are RIDING off by the Boy, has been twice Mayor of the Place, and is, in fact, the Dictator of it. The Wig speaks the Man.—It is formal, tasty, consequential.—A silver Tone, (as *Garrick* in *Bayes* used to call *Scraps*'s;)

a pompous and affected Mode of Utterance; together with a stiff, and rather dignified Carriage, procure him Submission from the Rest of the Inhabitants, though no Tokens of superior Wisdom or Ingenuity mark his Words or his Actions.—Mr. *Bridoon*, (for that is his Name) values himself on his Punctuality in Business. He pays his Bills and his Workmen with a rigid Exactness. And this he does not fail to make the frequent Subject of his Discourse; charging, at the same Time, with Idleness, Extravagance, or a Want of Attention, those of his Neighbours, who from a Want of his Affluence, may not be equally punctual in pecuniary Matters. He is, besides, a strict

Observer of the external Duties of Religion : He never stays away on Sundays from Church, and takes Care to remark, and to reprove, those who do. In his Capacity, as an Alderman, he is peculiarly vigilant that there shall be no tipling in Alehouses, on that Day ; no profane Swearing heard ; nor any Bastards got ; within the Boundaries of his Sway. Having enumerated these good Qualities of Mr. Alderman *Bridoon*, which surely are enough to establish the Character of any one Man, as the World goes, it will be needless to search for his private Virtues ; which, if Report says true, are not altogether so conspicuous as his public Ones.

He



He who sits opposite to the Alderman, and whom the Artist has chosen to point out, by the wry Faces he makes, as the Hero of the Piece—*The Man of Feeling*,—is perhaps as far from being a Man of *Feeling*, alias *Sensibility* and *Humanity*, as any Man that could have been pitched upon. His Name is *Gimlett*. He likewise is one of the first Men of the Town in which he resides; but his Fortune, and with it his Consequence, have been obtained by far less eligible Methods than those pursued by his Neighbour *Bridoon*. He values himself upon practicing all the little low Arts, that Trade, like the Profession of the Law, affords too much Room for; giving them the softer Appellation of a Knowledge of Business.

Business.—It is even said, that the Trade he carries on in so extensive a Manner, was not obtained by the most honest Means. An industrious Mechanic, (so the Report goes) having discovered a better and cheaper Mode of manufacturing the Article he deals in, than had hitherto been known, he by many specious Wiles and Promises, gained from him a Knowledge of the Secret; and, applying immediately for a Patent, thus robbed the poor Man of the Fruits of his Labour.—To this *lucky Hit*, as he terms it, he owes his present Ease; while the Person to whom the Praise and Profits are due, scarcely can earn, by incessant Assiduity, the Necessaries of Life for his large Family. Mr.

*Gimlett,*

*Gimlett*, however, carries off all the Censures, so flagrant an Act cannot fail to excite, with a good Grace ; and tho' he may not be *respected* in the Town, his Money procures for him a respectable Situation in it. He is, besides a Humourist ; much given to joking, and ready to promote any Piece of Fun that may prove entertaining to his Neighbours ; by which Means, he renders himself agreeable to them.

The third, who seems to be reduced by the Fatigue of the Day to a State of waking Somnolence, is one of those Characters that pass through Life with much more Ease than those of brighter Parts, and greater Merit. His Father (as the Saying is) "was born before him."

He

He was left by him in Possession of an established Trade, and though scarcely able to say *Bo to a Goose*, by steadily treading in the Steps of his Predecessor, and avoiding those Excentricities that greater Geniuses are apt to run into, acquires a genteel Livelihood by it. As to his private Character, if he does not do much good, he does but little harm. His Father's Name was *Zephaniab Adze*, a Person well known to the Trade for manufacturing Hatchets, Axes, Hoes, &c. and likewise for the Demureness of his Carriage; in which, indeed, his Son does not exactly imitate him.

Various were the Tricks played by *Gimlett* on his two Companions during the Day's Ride. The Credulity of Mr.

*Bridoon*,



*Bridoon*, and the Simplicity of *Adze*, furnished numberless Occasions for the Exercise of his sportive Fancy, which was not to be repressed. In order thoroughly to tire his Companions, he devised many Schemes:—Delightful Prospects were to be seen from the Top of some of the Hills adjacent to the Road, which, when they arrived there, but ill compensated the Pains they had occasioned.—Romantic historical Stories were told by him of Scenes which happened at a Castle lying about a Mile out of the Road, which, he said, it was not fit that a Person of the Alderman's Consequence and Erudition should be unacquainted with, as well as with the Spot where they happened.—He artfully

fully raised a Competition between *Bridoon* and *Adze*, respecting the trotting of their Horses, and enjoyed the profuse Sweat the Contest occasioned.— All which contributed not a little to their present State of extreme Weariness.

But the Prank which gratified *Gimlett's* Self-exultation the most, and afforded him the greatest Diversion, was one he played his Neighbour *Adze*, towards the latter Part of the Day. Riding over a Common on which there were several large Flocks of Geese, he laid *Adze* a Wager that he could not throw the Lash of his Whip round the Neck of one of the young Ones, and drag it to him. *Adze*, in the Simplicity of his Heart, rode

rode up to the nearest Flock, and entangling the Lash of his Whip (to the End of which *Gimlett* had previously fastened a small Piece of Lead) round the Neck of the hindmost, attempted to draw it towards him. The Gosling finding himself thus hampered, began to struggle and scream, with Might and Main. No sooner was the Alarm given, than the whole Flock, with the old ones hissing at their Head, pursued their captive Companion, in order to effect its Rescue ; pouring forth, as they waddled on, their shrillest Notes. Not the Yells of a Party of American Savages on discovering an Enemy, could be more obstreperous, or communicative. In an Instant the Alarm reached the utmost

Borders.

Borders of the Common, and every Goose on it joined in the discordant Concert. The Inhabitants of the Neighbouring Cottages catching the Sound, forth rushes Man, Woman, and Child, to learn the Cause of the general Clangor ; and they no sooner behold the Situation of the Gosling, than they hasten to oppose its Ravisher, with the first Weapons they can lay their Hands on. *Adze*, who during this unexpected Insurrection, had been tugging at his refractory Antagonist, now finding it impracticable either to effect his Purpose, or to disengage his Whip, and observing the Tumult to be rolling like a dreadful Billow, from all Quarters, towards him ; to save his Bones thought it best

to



relinquish a valuable Whip employed on the Occasion, which was carried off in Triumph by his Pursuers. Almost frightened out of his Wits, the Moment he found himself at Liberty, he set off full Speed to overtake his Companions, who had observed the coming Storm, and were prudently making the best of their Way, regardless of his Situation, towards the Town at which they intended to sleep. The Alderman, as the Authority annexed to his Office stood him in no stead without the Limits of his own Town, was not less frightened than *Adze*, at the Host that pursued them; while *Gimlett* was ready to die with laughing, at the Success of his Scheme, and likewise at the Simplicity  
of

of his two Companions, who were not able to perceive that he had made them the Dupes of his frolicksome Disposition.

In endeavouring to tire his Companions, *Gimlett* tired himself; and not only tired, but almost rendered himself incapable of pursuing his Journey; for not having been on Horseback for some Months before, the Length of the Day's Ride, increased by these Meanders and Delays, caused an Excoriation, which obliged him to have Recourse to *Dia-chylon*, and occasions the wry Faces we see him make.

Most heartily tired, and not less sore,  
are this itinerant Trio represented to  
be.—

be.—Let us therefore leave them to the Care of the Chambermaid, with whom we may safely trust them, not only as the Want of Rest seems to have absorbed every other Idea, but as the personal Charms of this Sister of the Warming Pan do not appear to be of the most brilliant Order, or to carry any very strong Incitements with them.



NUMBER IX.

S A M U E L.

*By Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.*

---

O'er all the Form the Beam divine he threw :  
At once the Stripling and the Saint we view  
In youthful Grace, and mingled Radiance, scan  
The future Prophet, and the future Man.

*A. B.*

---

TO say any Thing in Praise of that  
superior Stile of Excellence with  
which Sir Joshua's Portraits are ex-  
ecuted ;—to endeavour to describe the  
Elegance, the Expression, and the exact  
Resemblance



Resemblance they bear the Originals;— would be somewhat similar to the Absurdity of a Pedant, who read Lectures, and exhibited Experiments, to prove that the Sun is possessed of Brightness, Warmth, and the Power of Animation. The universally allowed Merit of his Works is their best Encomium.

From among them I have selected his Portrait of the Prophet SAMUEL, in his infant State, as it appears to my (perhaps *enthusiastic*) Imagination, to abound with Sentiment, though surrounded by no expressive Decorations, and drawn at an Age when the Emotions of the Mind are not usually visible in the Features, or Gestures of the Person.

But instead of indulging any fanciful Explanations, for which indeed there is no Room, I shall endeavour to point out from historical Record, what I apprehend to have been the Conceptions of the Painter, in his Representation of this sacred and most amiable Character.

If ever Character deserved peculiar Attention from the Artist, it is this of SAMUEL. To represent it in a proper Stile ;—to pourtray the mind as well as the Form ;—to depicture the divine Emanation beaming from his Eyes ;—and to throw over the whole a delicately touched Irradiation, expressive of that internal Splendor with which the young Prophet had been illumined ;—requires the most luxuriant Imagination, joined with

with the trueſt Taſte, and foundeſt Judgment. It was a Subject worthy the Pencil of *Guido*.—And Sir Joſhua has ſhewn his Taſte and Judgment, as well in the Choice, as in the Execution of it. Displaying a grand Scope for Senſibility, we will ſuppoſe that it naturally obtruded itſelf upon an enlarged and ſuſceptible Mind.

The Birth of SAMUEL, among the divine Wonders recorded in Sacred Writ, appears to have been attended with preternatural Circumſtances. He was granted to the Petition of a ſorrowing Mother.

*Hannab*, the Wife of *Elkanah*, a Perſon of a reſpectable Jewish Family,

laboured under the Reproach of Barrenness ; a Stigma considered by the Israelitish Women, and, indeed, by all the Eastern Nations, as the most afflictive. Such an Impression did the scornful Taunts of her more fruitful Rival in the Affections of *Elkanah* make on the Mind of *Hannah*, that notwithstanding she was visibly the favoured Wife, and her Husband strove by every affectionate Attention to dispel her Gloom, and reconcile her to the unavoidable Dispensation, she was not to be comforted.—Her Sorrows more particularly overwhelmed her, when, with the rest of the Family, she annually went, as the Custom then was, to sacrifice to the LORD OF HOSTS in *Shiloh*.

The



The Story, as told in the Jewish History, is full of affecting and entertaining Incidents. Let me endeavour to realize the Scenes to the Imagination, as far as it is the Power of Language to do so, without the Aid of the Pencil.

Behold the afflicted *Hannah* prostrate at the Portal of the Temple.—What Humiliation in her Attitude!—What Fervency in her Petition!—As the sacred Writer elegantly expresses it, “ in the  
 “ Bitterness of her Soul she prayed unto  
 “ the LORD, and wept sore. And she  
 “ vowed a Vow, and said, O LORD of  
 “ Hosts, if thou wilt indeed look on  
 “ the Affliction of thine Handmaid,  
 “ and remember me, and not forget  
 “ thine Handmaid, but wilt give unto

“ thine Handmaid a Man-Child, then  
“ will I give him unto the LORD all  
“ the Days of his Life, and there shall  
“ no Razor come upon his Head.”

So animated were these Ejaculations ;  
with such Energy and Warmth did they  
flow from her Soul ; that although her  
Lips only moved, and her Words are not  
heard, they attract the Notice of *Eli*  
the High Priest, who happened to sit  
near. Misled by her Agitations, he ac-  
cuses her of being inebriated ; “ How  
“ long wilt thou be drunken ? ” he cried ;  
“ Put away thy Wine from thee. ” —  
“ No, my Lord, ” modestly replied the  
dejected *Hannah* ; “ I am a Woman of  
“ a sorrowful Spirit ; I have drunk nei-  
“ ther Wine nor strong Drink, but  
“ have

“ have poured out my Soul before the  
“ LORD.”

Her Answer, such is the Force of Truth and Innocence, not only procured for her from the Head of the Jewish Church his Forgiveness, but likewise his Blessing.—“ Go in Peace,” said the venerable old Man, “ and the God of Israel grant thee thy Petition that thou hast asked of him.”

Nor did her Supplications meet with a less gracious Reception at the Throne of the Most High. Her Tears, far more precious than the Pearls they resembled, are presented there by the ministering Spirit; and at the Fountain Head of Love and Beneficence could

not fail of having their due Effect.—She is blessed with a Son;—and that Son as far above the common Race of Men, as his Mother's Piety was above that of the Generality of her Sex.

No sooner was the gracious Boon bestowed, than *Hannah* breaks out into grateful Raptures; and expresses those Raptures in Terms the most florid and expressive.—Her Song is recorded, as abounding with all the Beauties of Eastern Poetry.—Inspired by the same Gratitude and Thankfulness to the Almighty Donor, she dedicates this darling Son, as she had vowed, to his Service.

With true maternal Attention she nurtured him at her Breast, during the  
accustomed



accustomed Time; and when he was weaned, took him to *Shiloh*, and committed him to the Care of the High Priest. Being reminded by *Hannah* of the Circumstances attending her Prayer, the good old Man considered the Fruit of that Prayer as the immediate Appropriation of the God of Israel, and received him into his peculiar Favour.

The Mind of the young Prophet was early illumined. While he was yet a Child, he was made the Oracle for denouncing the divine Vengeance on the profligate Sons of *Eli*. From *Dan* even to *Beersheba* was his holy Calling, and his future elevated Destination, known.

It is at this early Period, the ingenious Artist has chosen, with consummate Judgment, to delineate his divine Form; as then the Graces of Innocence could be added, to make the Appearance of the Portraiture more correspondent to our Ideas of the early Sacredness of his Character.

The Prudence, Wisdom, and Integrity of SAMUEL, as Judge of Israel, are too well known to those who are conversant in the Jewish History, to need rehearsing here; nor are the Deeds of his riper Years necessary to the Illustration of the Picture referred to.— Suffice it to say, that he held the supreme Authority till their Election of  
2 a King;

a King; and having, at a good old Age, received a public Testimony of the People's Approbation, he at length sunk into the Grave as full of Honour as of Years.



## NUMBER X.

## THE HAZARD TABLE.

By ROWLANDSON.

---

Honour, Fortune, Quiet, fly  
 From the *venal* rattled Die.  
*Discord* in her highest State,  
 Pale *Dismay*, and paler *Hate*,  
 Murther'd *Hope*, and groveling *Pride*,  
 With a thousand Ills beside,  
 Drawn in Colours just and true,  
 In this pictur'd Tablet view.

A. B.

---

THE grand Pursuit of Man is allowed to be *Happiness*.—Look on the Picture above mentioned, and see if



if Happiness is to be found at the GAMING TABLE.—In one Feature of the numerous Figures here represented with so much Expression, Force, and Truth, are the least Traces of it to be perceived?

On the contrary, how strongly is the Reverse pourtrayed in every Countenance!—The presented Pistols;—the uplified Chair and Poker;—the hurled Candlestick;—and the varied Distortions of the different Gamesters;—speak, and speak most forcibly, the perturbed State of their Minds.—Inexorable Rage, hoodwinked Fury, insatiate Revenge, and every diabolical Passion, (which seem to have received more than common *Acumen* from the Pencil of the Artist)

Artist) appear to agitate some of the Groupe; while the rest, overwhelmed with Terror and Dismay, show by their apprehensive Convulsions, the utmost Anxiety to avoid the direful Effects.—An obstreperous Confusion reigns, at the same Time, throughout the whole Scene, which conveys no very inadequate Idea (reasoning from Analogy) of the impious Orgies of the Inhabitants of the Regions of Erebus.

And yet each of these Votaries of *Chance* would have told you, could they have been interrogated relative to their Views, when they approached the fatal Table, that they were *in Search of Happiness*.—Infatuated Mortals! ye could  
not

not more have mistaken the Road, had  
ye sought for the tempered Warmth of  
the Banks of the *Nile*, on the Summit  
of the frozen *Caucasus*!

What Praises are not due to the Artist  
who has thus endeavoured to lash the  
VICE OF THE AGE! His Delineations  
of the horrid Effects of *Gaming*, as  
exhibited in this Picture, will, in all  
Probability, prove far more effica-  
cious than the most pointed poetical  
Satire, or the best wrote moral Essay.  
“ If Tongues,” as *Shakespeare* tells us,  
“ are to be found in Trees; Books in  
“ the running Brooks; and Sermons in  
“ Stones;” forcible must be the Docu-  
ments conveyed by these animated  
Strokes of his Pencil. To point out, to  
inforce

inforce, and to extend the Influence, of useful Documents, wherever they are to be found, is not among the least of *the Writer's* Inducements for his intended Explanations. While he indulges his *Flights of Fancy*, he would wish to mingle *Instruction* with *Amusement*.

The Subject of the Piece under Consideration, and the Artist's Execution of it, tending rather to excite Horror and Detestation than Risibility, that Vein of Humour which ran through the Explanation of the preceding Caricatures, and which Works of this Kind are generally intended to give Birth to, has been forborne.—The Subject is of too serious a Nature to be treated with Levity.—Pregnant with Ruin to Individuals,



duals, — detrimental to Society, — and (being nurtured by Fashion) hourly extending its baneful Influence, — it calls for the most corrective Strokes both of the Pencil and the Pen.

I will not attempt to realize any of the *Personæ* of the motley Assembly here depicted, where we see, as is usually the Case at a public Gaming Table, a Mixture of Characters, which nothing but a Design upon the Purfes of each other, could warrant. At a Meeting of this Kind, whether on the Turf or at the Table, (“ Oh Shame, where “ is thy Blush !”) do the Nobleman and the Stable-Keeper, the Gentleman and the Farmer, the General and the Mechanick, the naval Officer and the Tradesman,

Tradesman, meet upon the most familiar Footing. No Exception is made to the Man, so that he has but wherewithal to satisfy his Debts of Honour. With the same unpunctilious *Sangfroid* that the Emperor *Vespasian* received the ludicrous Tax he had laid on the saline Secretion of the People of Rome, is the perfumed Palm of a noble Lord held out to receive the greasy Guineas of a wealthy Inhabitant of Newgate-Market. Not one Ebullition of the native Dignity of his Family springs up in his Heart, to check the degrading Intercourse.

But though there may be no external Resemblance to enable an Observer to particularize a single Character, whose  
Image

Image the Artift had in his Mind's Eye, and intended to represent, when his luxuriant Imagination fuggested the Scene; yet the characteristic Traits of the whole Groupe are fo truly expreffed, that a mental Similitude of many well known Characters in high Life may be traced among them, who, to the Degradation of their elevated Rank and Connections, to the Difgrace of their great Talents, and at the Expence of their Health, Fortune, and Peace, wafte the paffant Hour in this destructive Amusement.

In one we behold a British Senator;—  
a Character, which ought to convey an  
Idea of the higheft Respectability, as to  
his keeping are intrufted the Liberty  
and

and Property of Millions.—He has been unsuccessful.—Distraction is depicted on his Countenance.—Let us accompany him from the Table.—After a restless Night, or, more properly, a restless Forenoon, he attends the House of Commons.—But oh ! how devoid of that Independency he had boasted of the Day before !—His Losses must be reimbursed.—The Good of his Country, and the Welfare of Millions, weigh but as a Feather against his pecuniary Distresses:—And were the most corrupt and oppressive of Ministers at the Helm, the most corrupt and oppressive of Measures would be supported, in order to obtain the needful *Douceur*.



In another of the *Personæ* we see a military Officer worked up to a Pitch of Fury, that may in a Moment render him amenable to the civil Power. In vain would his extensive Knowledge of his Profession, his oft-tried Bravery, or the Services he had frequently rendered his Country in the Field, be pleaded in his Favour.—Disgrace and Death, or a no less ignominious Flight, must attend his fatal Attachment to the Chances of the Dice.

Other Characters, as singularly expressive of the Effects attendant on GAMING might be pointed out.—The foregoing will serve as a Clue to a more enlarged Discovery of the Intentions of  
the

the Artist, and show the Poignancy of his penciled Satire.

But how venial is the Scene here represented, however dreadful and reprehensible, to the deliberate *plucking*, (as it is termed) of an inexperienced Youth of known Opulence!—To such *determined* Plunderers, a Highwayman, in the Comparison, loses every Spot of Criminality, and appears whiter than the drifted Snow. Through the Courtesy of the fashionable World, these flagrant Acts of Dishonesty are too often viewed in so lenient a Light, as to be thought rather commendable;—and it is but seldom that the Whippers of Conscience can procure Attention;

tion ;—yet will a *Stigma*, most assuredly, adhere to their Names, which it will not be in the Power of high Birth, or brilliant Qualifications, to obliterate.



## NUMBER XI.

## THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

By DUNTHORNE.

---

Mounted in FANCY's airy Car,  
With Wishes that outstrip the Wind,  
To fetch th' imagin'd Good from far,  
Impatient speeds the restless Mind :

Or, seated in her ebon Chair,  
Brooding o'er all the Ills of Life,  
Sighs, while with fraudulent Smiles, Despair  
Presents the Cord, and sharpen'd Knife.

A. B.

---

STRANGE are the Vagaries of  
the human Mind when Reason  
has relinquished her Throne, and the  
spontaneous



spontaneous Ideas are no longer subject to her Sway. They then rove at large, taking unbounded Flights, according to the Age, Habit, and natural Disposition of the Person affected, or to the Cause from whence the Anarchy proceeds.

When this is the Case, Madness in various Shapes ensues. In some it produces Ravings, Distraction, and all the Symptoms of ungovernable Fury. In others it assumes a gentler Form, and terminates in Melancholy, Despondence, and Despair.

Of the latter Class there is a Species, which comes not under the Appellation *Mania*, although it approaches nearly

to it, and is attended with Effects equally distressing. To this is given the Term *Hypochondria*, as it owes its Origin to some Depravity in those Regions of the Breast, wherein the Liver and the Spleen are contained; and which are named, upon that Account, the *Hypochondriac Regions*.

The Sources of these Derangements of the mental Faculties are as various as the Shapes they assume. It sometimes originates from Pride;—sometimes from corrosive Reflection;—sometimes from unsuccessful Love;—sometimes from the Buffetings of adverse Fortune;—sometimes from a partial Interruption of the animal Functions;

tions;—and sometimes from Springs that cannot be traced.

As there is no Habitude of the Mind or Body, but what is liable to its Attacks;—so there is no Rank in Life which can insure Exemption from it. That the most elevated are penetrable in this Point, may be proved by innumerable Instances; from which I shall select the two following; one ancient; the other recent;—the former originating from Depravity of the Mind;—the latter from corporeal Malady; or, if mental, from some Source to be traced only by the All-seeing Eye.

The first is that of *Nebuchadnezzar*, King of Babylon, as recorded in the

Book of *Daniel*. This mighty Sovereign of a mighty Empire, surrounded with all the Pomp and Splendor of eastern Magnificence, experienced its humiliating Effects.—Unable to bear the towering Height to which the King of Kings had raised him, he arrogantly assumes to himself the Honour of the Exaltation.—Pride usurps the Place of Reason ;—and instead of that becoming Dignity and true Elevation of Mind, which native Worth inspires, every rising Idea proves an air-blown Bubble, tintured, like those of sportive Boys, with gayly-coloured Gleams, but, like theirs, subject to instant Dissolution.—In the Midst of his vain Vauntings, he is driven from Society.—Instead of the downy  
Sofa,



Sofa, the marble Pillar, and the gilded Dome; the Ground is now his Pallet, and his only Canopy the Sky.—Instead of the wonted Profusion of his Table, the far-fetched Viand, and the rarest Produce of the Vine; his only Sustainance is the Herbage of the Field;—and in the Room of perfumed Effences, and royal Robes, we read, “ that his Body  
 “ was wet with the Dew of Heaven,  
 “ till his Hairs were grown like Eagles  
 “ Feathers, and his Nails like the Claws  
 “ of Birds.”—The due Correction given,—with returning Reason, Humility returns;—he acknowledges the superior Power of that Being to whom the most potent of Princes shall not say, “ What  
 “ dost thou ?”—his State and Affluence

are restored to him ;—and, what is of infinitely greater Importance, Adversity has taught him to enjoy them with Dignity tempered with Moderation.

Britain has lately beheld *her* Monarch afflicted ;—rendered incapable, by a Deprivation of Reason, from exercising the Duties of his Station ;—nor could the Possession of many valuable Qualities, both as a Man and a King, avert the humiliating Visitation.—Not only his own People, but distant Lands lament the afflictive Stroke ; and all unite in pious Supplications for its Removal.—They are heard ;—he is restored ;—and a Joy so fervent, so sincere, and at the same Time so extensive, stands not on the Records of any Nation.

But

But there is no Species of Insanity (for so it may truly be termed) more common than that represented with so much Force of Imagery in the Picture which is the Subject of the present Lucubration. The *Hypochondria* has been supposed by Foreigners to be a Disorder produced by the Climate of England at certain Seasons of the Year. The Writer of a French Novel, in describing the Time when the Story on which it is founded commences, tells us, that it was *in the gloomy Month of November; when Englishmen hang and drown themselves.*—Were this Observation worthy of Retort, an Englishman may *now* say, and with Truth, warranted by the numerous Instances of Suicide which have

lately happened in that Country, that the gloom-inspiring Vapours have been wafted across the Channel, and have so impregnated the Air of France, that its Influence is not confined to the *gloomy Month of November*.

To return to the Picture under Consideration.—That a Train of melancholy Thoughts and dismal Apprehensions should be generated in the Mind by a Train of distressing Circumstances;—that the “ Whips and Scorns of Time,  
 “ the Oppressor’s Wrong, the proud  
 “ Man’s Contumely, the Pangs of de-  
 “ spised Love, the Laws’ Delay, the  
 “ Insolence of Office, the Spurns that  
 “ patient Merit of th’ Unworthy takes;  
 “ or the Thousand natural Shocks that  
 “ Flesh



“Flesh is Heir to,” should depress a susceptible Mind, and inspire desperate Resolutions, is not to be wondered at;—but that those who wallow in all the Luxuries of Life; whose Cup of Blessings overflows,—should become a Prey to Melancholy and Dejection, as we see often to be the Case, “is strange;” “is passing strange.”—But so it is.

A more conspicuous Instance of the sad Effects of the *Hypochondria* was scarcely ever exhibited, than that in the Picture before us.

*Sempronius* was noble by Birth, and well qualified, both by his natural Endowments and acquired Accomplishments, to grace the elevated Sphere in

K 5

which

which he was destined to move. Nor did these Qualifications pass unnoticed. At a more early Period of Life than usual, he obtained a Share in Administration, of no inconsiderable Consequence; and through all the Fluctuations which happened in that most unstable of Institutions, sustained only a few temporary Suspensions for a long Course of Years.

The last Stage of his public Career saw him at the Head of an important Department during an unsuccessful War.—Ill Success was productive of Clamour.—To that Clamour he was obliged to yield; and he retired from the Storms to which the political Hemisphere

phere is so subject, to calmer Pursuits and Enjoyments.

However censurable the public Character of *Sempronius* may have been, his Department in private Life was not less so. Qualified as he was to enter into all the vivacious Scenes that florid Youth and high Birth inspire, he gave his Passions the Rein, and roved uncontrolled, not always with Credit to himself, through the flowery Paths of Pleasure; a temporary Suspension excepted, which was productive of an Entailment of the Family Name and Honours.

Being once more at Liberty to indulge his natural Propensities, and under no Restraint from Religion or moral Obli-

gations, the very Names of which he always ridiculed, he entered again into the seductive Meanders of illicit Love; aided by all the Luxuries and Elegances his high Rank and Opulence could procure for him.—Had this Spirit of Libertinism continued only till the Heighday of the Blood had subsided, some Excuse might have been made for it; but *Sempronius* kept it up, and gloried in the Name of Libertine, till a very late Period of his Life.

At length, however, a Gloom overspread his Mind.—The *Hypochondria* taking Advantage of a lonely Moment, many of which had succeeded an unfortunate Event, made a Lodgment in in his Lordship's Heart, and brought  
with



with it all that Train of imaginary Terrors, the Painter has so expressively represented in the Piece referred to.

We see him sitting in the ebon Chair of Fancy, dissatisfied with the Enjoyments he is in Possession of, and brooding over *imagined* Ills.—Ideas, without Number, clad in every Shape that can terrify and alarm, first sweep along the pineal Gland, and keep the Mind in constant Agitation.—The Heart palpitates; the Pulse become tremulous; the Dejection increases.—The Spectres now grow larger, and appear more terrific.—Reason endeavours to re-assume her Throne;—she attempts to drive the Usurpers away;—but Melancholy has too firmly fortified herself in her strong Hold,

Hold, to be dislodged.—By this Contest, the Animal Functions are weakened; the Strength decays;—while the Force and Firmness of the Enemy within is augmented.—The visionary Shapes seem more and more hideous and gigantic.—Instruments of Destruction, of every Kind, are presented by them, and an immediate Application, as a sure Relief, urged by each of them in turn, with many a delusive Argument.—The Remedy is approved; and some one of them probably would have been made Use of, had not Debility taken away the Power.—The uplifted Dart of the King of Terrors now threatens;—the fable Herse, the ornamental Escutcheon, and every Emblem of funereal Pomp, now croud  
upon

upon the Imagination, and close the Scene.—Nature sinks under it, and the fancied Procession is realized.

Vain has been the Aid of Medicine.—The Doctor, conscious of the Inefficacy of his Art, has received his last Fee from an attendant Damsel, and takes his Leave with a Sigh;—a Sigh, which proceeds from a Want of Power to prolong—not the Life of his Patient, but the Application of the *Aurum Potabile* to his itching Palm.

The Damsel in Conversation with the Physician, is the only one of his Lordships numerous Dependants that bestows a more than formal Attendance upon him, during his last Illness.—Like

*Edward*

*Edward* the Third, *Sempronius* found himself deserted, when his Diffolution approached, by every one but this faithful Girl, even though he had no Claim on her Gratitude.

The Daughter of one of his Tenants, the old Debauchee had watched her ripening Beauties till they began to bloom, that he might add one more to the Number of those whom he had already robbed of their Innocence and Honour. And though nearly in the Situation *David* was, when he took to his Bed the fair *Abishag*, no sooner did her Charms begin to disclose themselves, than unable to resist the Impulse of his depraved Desires, he conveyed her away from her Friends. The honest Girl,  
unhacked.



unhacknied in the Ways of Life, is not to be influenced by the Example of the rest of his Lordship's Attendants. *Their* Motive was that of *Interest*, (for a virtuous Conduct alone can insure *Regard* from Domestics) *bers* the Dictates of a Heart naturally susceptible and humane; therefore, while the rest, who occasionally surround her Seducer, are intent on securing whatever they can safely convert to their own Use, she waits on him during the distressful Scene with all the Tendernefs of a Daughter, and closes his Eyes, when no other Hand could be found to perform that last kind Office.

## NUMBER XII.

## THE AGUE AND FEVER.

*By DUNTHORNE.*

---

Terrific Tyrant of the fenny Plains,  
With uncontroll'd Domain the AGUE reigns;  
Now checks and speeds the sanguine Tide, by Turns;  
Now chilly shivers, and now raging burns.

*A. B.*

---

**T**HE Attacks of the Complaint to  
which the Term AGUE is given,  
and its excruciating Effects, are too well  
known to require a Description here;  
the inimitable Manner in which the  
Disorder

Disorder is personified by the Artist, in the Picture referred to, is all that claims Attention.

As we look at it, we not only shudder at the Sight of the horrid Phantom, but, if of a lively Imagination and susceptible Feelings, experience, for the Moment, Sensations nearly similar to those which a Person under his benumbing Grasp must be supposed to do.

The Chattering of *Grumio's* Jaws, while he gives an Account of the Manner in which *Petruchio* is returning to his House with his *gentle* Bride, after the Solemnization of their Nuptials, conveys some faint Idea of the insuppressible Tremor excited by the unwelcome Visitor,

Visitor, during the Time he clings round the Body of the Person he fastens upon.

Enwrapt in the cold Embrace of the chilling Monster, the shivering Patient crouches over the Fire, but feels no Renewal of his Warmth from the glowing Embers. A Shepherd, in Pursuit of a lost Ewe, bewildered among the frozen Mountains of *Lapland*; who, unhoused, and unsheltered, sees the Approach of Night; his Limbs benumbed; his Face lacerated by the icy Particles driven against it by the keen North-East Wind; is not sensible of greater Horror, nor experiences more the Severity of the Season, than a Person is overwhelmed with.



with, when shivering under the cold Paroxysm of the Ague.

Happy is it for those who are subject to its Attacks, that they admit of some Intermission!—But these Intervals do not take Place till other Sensations, of an opposite Nature, but not less excruciating, are undergone.

No sooner has the *chilling* Monster exhausted his Fury, and concluded his Attack by one strenuous Grasp, that nearly extinguishes the vital Spark which has retreated for Security to the Heart's Core; than a fresh Attack is made by another Monster, who stands ready to take Possession of the Station.

As

Visitor, during the Time he clings round the Body of the Person he fastens upon.

Enwrappt in the cold Embrace of the chilling Monster, the shivering Patient crouches over the Fire, but feels no Renewal of his Warmth from the glowing Embers. A Shepherd, in Pursuit of a lost Ewe, bewildered among the frozen Mountains of *Lapland*; who, unhoused, and unsheltered, sees the Approach of Night; his Limbs benumbed; his Face lacerated by the icy Particles driven against it by the keen North-East Wind; is not sensible of greater Horror, nor experiences more the Severity of the Season, than a Person is overwhelmed with

with, when shivering under the cold Paroxysm of the Ague.

Happy is it for those who are subject to its Attacks, that they admit of some Intermission!—But these Intervals do not take Place till other Sensations, of an opposite Nature, but not less excruciating, are undergone.

No sooner has the *chilling* Monster exhausted his Fury, and concluded his Attack by one strenuous Grasp, that nearly extinguishes the vital Spark which has retreated for Security to the Heart's Core; than a fresh Attack is made by another Monster, who stands ready to take Possession of the Station.

As

As the sprightly Conception of the Painter has represented the Personification of the *Shaking* Fit by a meagre, spider-like, crawling Being, composed chiefly of Legs, or rather Claws; and of a Species not to be found in any of the Classes of Reptiles, enumerated by *Ray*, *Reaumur*, or *Linnaeus*; he has fashioned the Representation of the *Hot* Fit, who stands prepared to succeed it, as a Being of more Bulk, yet not less horrid in its Appearance, or, in its Shape less extraneous; being armed with a Thousand pointed Prickles, which convey a forcible Idea of the Aches, Shoots, and painful Glowings, felt during the Continuance of his Visit.

And



And he, too, revels his permitted Time, without affording any Alleviation to the nearly-exhausted Patient. At length, however, a kindly Perspiration takes Place; and restoring the animal Frame to a more equal Temperature, renders it less grateful to the Embraces of those, who can exist only in the Extremes of Cold and Heat.

But though repulsed, the fell Tormentors are not vanquished;—their Retreat is but temporary;—and no sooner shall Phœbus have made his second diurnal Revolution, than they will alternately renew their Assaults; nor give over the Renewal of them at that stated Period, till either Death,—some  
salutary

salutary Spell,—or the famed Bark of  
the Peruvian Tree;—affords a perma-  
nent Relief.

END OF VOL. I



